The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

Messrs. Macmillan are adding to their neat series of Pocket Classics "Rip Van Winkle," illustrated by George H. Boughton, A.R.A., who is also writing a preface for it; "The Alhambra," with an introduction by E. R. Pennell, and illustrations by Joseph Pennell; "Sheridan's Plays," with an introduction by Augustine Birrell, and illustrations by E. J. Sullivan; and "Gulliver's Travels," with an introduction by Sir Henry Craik, K.C.B., and a hundred illustrations by C. E. Brock.

Mr. Murray is issuing "The Waters of Jordan," Mr. H. A. Vachell's new novel, in October. It is the story of a great regeneration; its scenes are laid in London and the New Forest.

Mr. Aylmer Maude is supplementing his short Life of Tolstoi with a full and intimate biography that Messrs. Constable will publish in September.

Messrs. T. & T. Clark have almost ready for publication the first volume of Mr. James Hastings's "Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics." This monumental work has been in preparation for some six years past, and it is hoped that the first of the ten volumes in which it is to be completed will be out before the Congress of Religions meets at Oxford in September.

"Racket and Rest," Mr. Harold Begbie's new novel, is a story of London life in the 'eighties. It will be published this autumn by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

That distinguished Indian soldier, Major-General Sir Norman Stewart, Bart., C.B., has been writing his Autobiography, and the book is to be issued by Mr John Ouseley.

Sir E. Ray Lankester is preparing a popular science volume. Its title, "Science from an Easy Chair," sufficiently indicates the writer's point of view. The book comprises a series of plain talks on subjects suggested by every-day topics. They are quite informal, and are cast in a popular form so that all technical difficulties are avoided. Naturally the range of subjects touched upon is extensive. The book will appeal to those who are not experts in science, and yet have a desire for trustworthy information and opinions on that vast variety of topics which constantly recur in general conversation.

A pathetic interest attaches to Messrs. Macmillan's forthcoming edition of Kipling's "Jungle Book." It will contain 16 illustrations in colour

Photo by Mora, Ltd., Brighton. **Mr. Thomas Cobb.**

by the Brothers Maurice and Edward Detmold; as most of us remember, the former of these clever young artists recently committed suicide.

For over twenty years Mr. Thomas Cobb has been writing novels, short stories, children's books, and he has published as many as forty volumes. Mr. Cobb says of himself very modestly "my stories, such as they are, no doubt derive from those of 'Gyp'—making the necessary changes"; but one cannot account for him so easily as all that, or we should be delighted to make a few more novelists like him from the same simple recipe. He has another novel, "Mrs. Whiston's House Party," at present appearing serially and due to arrive in covers next February; and yet another, "A Giver in Secret," which is almost completed and will make a book after it has run as a serial. We have remarked from time to time upon the dramatic possibilities of more than one of Mr. Cobb's gay romances, and are not surprised to hear that he has at length been engaged in collaboration with Mr. E. Holman Clark in the dramatisation of "The Dissemblers," and proposes to follow it up by dramatising "Mrs. Erricker's Reputation," which has been, so far, the most successful of all his books.

Mr. Edward Thomas has completed a Life of Richard Jefferies which Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing in October. No living writer is better equipped by study and temperament for the task. Mr. Thomas has carefully sifted all that has been written on Jefferies and has been fortunate enough to bring to light a good many new facts about his early days. The book is largely critical, and the illustrations will include many interesting photographs of Jefferies and his family.

Although Mrs. Ernest Leverson published her first novel, "The Twelfth Hour," only last year, she had been writing for some little time past and has contributed to various periodicals, including the *Saturday Review*, the *Daily Mail*, the *Pall Mall Magazine*, and for a long time was a regular contributor to *Punch*. Her first novel scored an instant and brilliant success; her second, "Love's Shadow," bids fair to outrival it, and she is already busy on a third, about which I am not yet at liberty to make any disclosures.

"Love's Shadow" is one of those books which the jaded reviewer puts upon a special shelf. When, in desperation over the crowded state of the room which his friends call a library, he sends an assortment of publishers' presentation copies to the second-hand bookseller in the hope, usually vain, of obtaining the wherewithal to purchase some volumes that are worth while, that special shelf remains inviolate. "Love's Shadow" takes an honoured place among the books which are dog-eared for a second reading, a renewed enjoyment. It is not to be reviewed in the ordinary manner. There is little plot to discuss, no problems to solve. It is a book to talk of, to pass on to friends. It is a collection of episodes in the lives of rather common-

Ada Leverson.
(Mrs. Ernest Leverson).

place people, the men and women one meets every day, but the writing is remarkably sparkling and vivacious throughout, the observation almost cruel in its intense veracity, showing an amazing acquaintance and understanding of humanity. It is a very witty and at the same time a very wise book.

"Branded" is the title of a novel by Mr. Gerald Biss, which Messrs. Greening are issuing this month.

Mr. J. Potter Briscoe, F.R.S.L., F.R.H.S., the City Librarian of Nottingham, is engaged on a book of historical and antiquarian research that he is calling "Chapters of Nottinghamshire History." It will be a companion volume to his "Bypaths of Nottinghamshire History."

Mr. Morice Gerard has gone to the times of William III. for his historical romance, "Purple Love," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing shortly.

Nelson bids fair to outrival Napoleon as a hero of fiction. He is the central figure of a new novel by Mr. Alfred Ollivant, "The Gentleman," a sort of "epic of Imperialism," which Mr. Murray is publishing. The Gentleman is a dashing rebel Irishman who, at Napoleon's instigation, makes an attempt to kidnap Nelson a few weeks before the battle of Trafalgar.

We understand that Mr. Andrew Melrose is making new developments in his publishing business and taking Mr. Ronald Spicer into partnership. Mr. Spicer, who is at present with Messrs. Chapman & Hall, is the son of Mr. George Spicer, of Enfield, a member of the firm of James Spicer & Sons. No change is to be made in the name of the firm, but Mr. Melrose will publish from new premises in York Street, Covent Garden, after September 1.

Messrs. Macmillan are publishing in the autumn a dainty new edition of Mr. Marion Crawford's charming Christmas story, "The Little City of Hope," with illustrations in colour by Mr. A. S. Hartrick.

Like many another notable novelist, Mr. Bernard Capes began his career as a writer of books by putting out a little volume of verse. Since then "The Lake of Wine," "Love Like a Gipsy" (our own favourite among his novels), "The Secret in the Hill," and the rest of his excellent romances have eclipsed that earliest small book which appeared in 1892, and has long been out of print. Now, however, Mr. Capes is returning to his first love, and Mr. Fisher Unwin is publishing a collection of his poems under the title of "Amaranthus: A Book of Little Songs." It contains some twenty-five poems gathered from the author's prose works, and about the same number that have never been printed before. Mr. Capes says he was induced to make a volume of these for no other reason than that he would fain be associated, in however small a way, with something other than story-telling—"an agreeable business, but over-exacting." Nevertheless, he has lately finished a novel which we are to have from Messrs. Smith Elder in October—a modern story, one rather out of his usual genre, of which those who have read the MS. speak with considerable enthusiasm.

Miss Marie Corelli has called her new romance "Holy Orders: The Tragedy of a Quiet Life." Messrs. Methuen are issuing it at the end of this month.

It is not often that an author succeeds in living down one great reputation and establishing another. Everywhere Mr. J. J. Bell is known as the author of "Wee Macgreegor," and people have been disposed to take it that because he could write so well

Photo by Mayall. **Mr. Bernard Capes.**

in that style he could not write better in any other. But in writing "Thou Fool" he convinced them that they were mistaken. Mr. Bell has just completed for Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton a novel to which he has given the title of "Whither thou Goest."

Mr. George Moore has been writing a book on his native land, and however much or little it tells us about Ireland, it is certain to tell us a great deal about Mr. Moore. I gather that he is somewhat disappointed in his country, and the title of his book, "Hail and Farewell" rather suggests that he is off again to Paris. So far as the Irish capital is concerned, "Dublin is now divided into two sets," says Mr. Moore; "one half is afraid it will be in the book, and the other half is afraid it won't."

Mr. J. H. Edge, K.C., who scored a success with his story of "An Irish Utopia," has completed a novel entitled "The Quicksands of Life," which Mr. John Milne has in hand for publication.

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson, who have been staying at Carlsbad, have just returned to England, and are settled down at their cottage in Surrey to finish the serial they are writing for the *Woman at Home*.

Mr. Edward C. Booth's story, "The Cliff End," has been one of the most successful novels of the spring publishing season. The book has arrived after many difficulties; it took Mr. Booth so long to find a publisher for it, that when Mr. Grant Richards accepted it, and it made its appearance at last, he went abroad and left it to the critics, resolved to wait and see by its reception whether it was worth his while to go on writing. He can no longer have any doubt on that point.

Mr. Murray announces an important book that the Rev. Professor Henslow has written, with the object of substantiating the alternative theory of Evolution held by Darwin in 1876, which sought to maintain that new forms of life arose by the "direct action of changed conditions of life," and that if those conditions persisted for several generations the variations produced by them would be hereditary.

Miss Eleanor Hayden, whose "Islands of the Vale" we review on another page, is engaged upon a novel the scenes of which are placed in the same Berkshire district. The "Islands" are an obscure group of villages lying off the highway, between the Great Western Railway and the Thames valley

Photo by London Biograph Co. **Miss Eleanor G. Hayden.**

in the White Horse Vale. Miss Hayden has put nothing but truth into her pictures of the people of these villages, though she has reticently left much of the truth untold. The village life is not so ugly and squalid as it was thirty years ago, but it is still bad enough, and Miss Hayden feels that the darker aspects of it lend themselves more easily and effectively to treatment in the form of a novel. She has gone out of the beaten tracks of the novelists for her plot and her characters, and we are looking forward with interest to the appearance of her book this winter.

A new book by Mr. Pett Ridge is always sure of a wide welcome. "69, Birnham Road," the novel he has written for Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, will be ready early in the autumn.

We are to have another new edition of Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses." It will be illustrated with twelve full-page water-colour drawings by Miss Millicent Sowerby. Messrs. Chatto & Windus are the publishers.

There is no scarcity of books for children, but a new one from Mr. E. V. Lucas is not an everyday event, and will be looked for with more than ordinary interest. Mr. Lucas has written a volume which contains "Anne's Terrible Good Nature," and other stories, and has twelve illustrations by A. H. Buckland, and a cover design and coloured end papers by F. D. Bedford.

"The Old Man in the Corner" is the name of the Baroness Orczy's new novel. Messrs. Greening are publishing it next month.

Mr. Andrew Lang's 1908 Christmas book is to be "The Book of Princes and Princesses." It is written by Mrs. Lang, and will have 8 coloured plates and numerous other illustrations by H. J. Ford. All the stories deal with more or less popular historical characters, but in its general design the volume is on the lines of "The True Story Book" and "The Red True Story Book."

Messrs. Jarrold have just issued a cheap edition of "The Foggy English of John Bull's Friends," by F. E. Hulme. An amusing brochure, it makes merry over the mispronunciations of our friends from across the water, has already run through many editions, and, with the stimulus it seems likely to get from the Franco-British Exhibition, bids fair to run through many more.

Mr. Keble Howard's delightfully humorous sentimental comedies of everyday manners and everyday people have enjoyed a steadily increasing popularity ever since "Love and a Cottage" took the public by storm. Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are presently publishing his latest novel, "The Clock Strikes."

One never tires of reading about Napoleon, and perhaps because of the roughness and harshness of his calling and the stern splendour of his public career the pathetic romance of his one real love episode has taken hold upon later generations with a curious and unfailing fascination. Mr. Philip W. Sergeant has made a study of the story of the Empress Josephine, and tells it in two volumes that Messrs. Hutchinson are to publish this month.

Photo by Simpson Bros., Johannesburg. **Mr. Douglas Blackburn.**

We are to have from Messrs. Constable a new book by Mr. Graham Wallas—"Human Nature in Politics."

The Native question in South Africa is admittedly one of the most portentous problems that will have to be faced in the near future. Mr. Douglas Blackburn, who has lived and worked in Africa, has written "Leaven," which is just issued by Mr. Alston Rivers, from ten or twelve years' intimate acquaintance with his subject; it deals with certain pathetic and unguessed conditions prevailing among the black races that he thinks will come as a surprise if not as a shock to the majority of British readers. He has watched and appreciates the labours of the much-maligned missionaries, and though in the main "Leaven" is a study of Kafir character, it gives glimpses of agricultural and missionary experience and throws some sidelights on the Rand mining operations. That Mr. Blackburn knows his ground and his people and can write of them effectively he has already proved in "Richard Hartley, Prospector," and in the still more widely-known "Prinsloo of Prinsloosdorp," which was originally issued anonymously.

Just now Mr. Blackburn is hard at work on a book so novel in design that he does not know how to define it. Probably, like his "Prinsloo of Prinsloosdorp," it will be described as a satire, but he claims that it is something more than this. It sets out to show a Colonial-born Britisher visiting England for the first time after a life spent in an atmosphere of combined ignorance and contempt of all things English, but visiting it with a patronising disposition to "make allowances" for British limitations and a secret belief that British civilisation is not quite all that it is supposed to be.

"The Age of Shakespeare," the new volume that Mr. Swinburne has in the press, will be published shortly by Messrs Chatto & Windus.

Mr. Charles W. F. Goss has written a biography of the late George Jacob Holyoake and supplemented it with a full and descriptive bibliography; he has just finished passing the proofs for press, and the book

should be out almost immediately. It will be one of the biggest, if not actually the biggest bibliography ever published, Holyoake's miscellaneous writings and pamphlets numbering something like four hundred. Mr. Goss is the Chief Librarian of the Bishopsgate Institute, an enthusiastic book-lover, and keenly interested in the literature and antiquities of London. The first edition of his "History of Crosby Hall," that was published whilst the fate of that famous mansion was still uncertain, has been exhausted, and a new and revised edition is in preparation.

The Japanese artist, Mr. Woshiomarkino, who made such a hit with his brilliantly impressionistic illustrations for "The Colour of London," has now taken for his subject "The Colour of Paris"—a volume that Messrs. Chatto are issuing during the autumn.

"Sister Anne," a new novel by Madame Albanesi, will be published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton before Christmas.

Mr. Heinemann is issuing immediately a new novel by Mr. E. F. Benson. The story is named "The Blotting Book," and will be published at half-a-crown.

A very handsome colour-book that Messrs. Chatto & Windus will shortly have ready is "From the North Foreland to Penzance." It is written by Clive Holland, and has thirty illustrations by Maurice Rundall. Another colour-volume to be issued by the same house is "Devon: its Moorlands, Streams, and Coasts," by Lady Rosalind Northcote. The volume will be fully illustrated by Frederick J. Widgery.

Messrs. Constable have in hand a book by Sir Charles Villiers Stanford—a collection of essays on National Opera, on Brahms, Joachim, and other musicians and musical topics. The volume will be ready in the autumn.

Dr. James Mackinnon's "History of Modern Liberty" is to be translated into Italian, as well as into French and German, and Messrs. Longmans have concluded an agreement with the *Revista Internationale di Liberi Studi* for the publication of the Italian version.

Mrs. E. F. Penny, whose powerful novel, "The Inevitable Law," was highly recommended at one of the meetings of the Pan-Anglican Conference, is at work on a new book entitled "Dark Corners," which Messrs. Chatto & Windus are to publish.

Mr. Conningsby Dawson is a young novelist of whom great things are expected. Some little while back, whilst he was still at college, Messrs. Macmillan published a volume of his poems in America, and at their own risk—which is a stronger certificate of merit than a dozen good reviews. He has now written a novel, "The House of the Weeping Woman," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are issuing. Mr. Conningsby Dawson is the son of Dr. W. J. Dawson.

Miss Cicely Hamilton won an immediate success as a dramatist with her delightful comedy of "Diana of Dobson's," and has written a novel on the same theme, with the same title, which Messrs. Collier & Co. have published. It is a cleverly written story, and mounts into a charming atmosphere of romance, and stays there, and ends there in the wind of a certain morning when Bretherton and Diana began life together; "the world had need of neither of them, but they had need of each other." The earlier chapters of the book, before Diana has come into her legacy and gone away to find her romance, grip the reader's imagination irresistibly; the sub-acidity of their humour bites sharply, but the pictures they give of life in a large drapery establishment, and the various characters of the girls who slave in the shop, are drawn with a vivid and uncompromising truthfulness.

Miss Hamilton, by the way, is a militant Woman Suffragist. She is taking a prominent part in the movement; has shared in the great demonstrations, is an admirable speaker, and has written on the subject as forcefully as she speaks. If the Suffrage movement has done nothing else, she says, "it has broken down the barrier between woman and woman," for all considerations of social rank and class have been sunk in it. "The good comradeship between men of all classes, which our brothers have learned in common sports and common games, we, their sisters, are learning now through our common agitation for political rights." It is something of this same spirit, this yearning for a freer, larger life, that inspires Diana, fires her to rebel against the petty tyrannies of the drapery establishment, its proprietors and their nagging, broken-spirited underlings, and go forth joyously to see the world and make the most of life, so long as her small legacy will allow her to.

Mr. J. Fitzgerald Molloy has a new work in the press, "Victoria Regina: Her Court and Her Subjects," which Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing in two volumes.

"Junia," a new book by Miss Jessie Herberton, the author of that remarkably able novel, "The Stigma," is a finished study of a selfish and unscrupulous woman. It will be published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, who are also bringing out this autumn "Weeping Cross," by H. L. Stuart—a first novel by a new writer.

The author of the "Golliwog Series," Miss Florence K. Upton, has written and illustrated a fairy story for children that Messrs. Longmans are putting out in October. She has named it "The Adventures of Borbee and the Wisp."

Mr. Cecil Sebag-Montefiore is preparing a further volume of his "History of the Volunteer Forces." His former volume came down only to 1860; the new book will complete Mr. Montefiore's survey of the Volunteer movement from the earliest times to the establishment of the Territorial Army. Messrs. Constable are the publishers.

For the use of several illustrations in this number we are indebted to the kindness of Messrs. Longmans, Messrs. Cassell, Messrs. Smith Elder, Messrs. Hutchinson, Messrs. Methuen, Mr. John Long, and Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

August 1 to September 1, 1908.

Messrs. Constable & Co., Ltd.

HALIFAX, ROBERT.—The Borderland. 6s.
HIND, A. M.—Short History of Engraving and Etching. 18s. net.
SILBERRAD, U. L.—Desire. 6s.

Messrs. G. G. Harrap & Co.

BURNAND, SIR FRANCIS C.—Poems from *Punch*. 5s. net.
EDGAR, M. G., M.A. (Editor).—A Treasury of Verse for Little Children. With 8 three-colour plates and many black and white illustrations by Willy Pogany. 7s. 6d. net.
GUERBER, H. A.—Myths of the Norsemen. A complete collection from the Norse Eddas and Sagas. With 64 illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.
GASK, LILIAN.—In Nature's School. With 16 illustrations by Dorothy Hardy. 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. John Long.

APPLETON, G. W.—The Down Express. 6s.
BLYTH, JAMES.—Amazement. 1s. net.
CAMPBELL, ARTHUR.—The Combat. 6s.
CAVE, JOHN.—The Wiles of a Wife. 6s.
CLARE, AUSTIN.—The Conscience of Dr. Holt. 6s.
FIFE, ALEXANDER.—Through the Wine-Press. 6s.
GOULD, NAT.—Whirlwind's Year. 2s. 6d. cloth, 2s. picture boards.
GOULD, NAT.—The Little Wonder. 1s. net.
GRAY, MAXWELL.—The Suspicions of Ermengarde. 6s.
KERNAHAN, MRS. COULSON.—The Sin of Gabrielle. 6s.
MACPHERSON, JOHN F.—Yetta the Magnificent. 6s.
MEADE, L. T.—Little Wife Hester. 6d.
MURRAY, DAVID CHRISTIE.—Recollections. 10s. 6d. net.
MURRAY, DAVID CHRISTIE.—The Brangwyn Mystery. 6d.
"When it was Light," Author of.—Mantrap Manor. 6s.
WRENCH, MRS. STANLEY.—Love's Fool. 6s.
YORKE, CURTIS.—The Other Sara. 6s.

Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.

BOX, G. H., M.A.—The Book of Isaiah. A new translation based upon a text revised in accordance with the results of recent criticism. With Introductions and short Notes and a Preface by S. R. Driver, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Oxford.
MILTOUN, FRANCIS.—In the Land of Mosques and Minarets. With pictures plain and coloured by Blanche McManus. (Uniform with "Castles and Chateaux of Old Navarre.") 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Alston Rivers.

ANONYMOUS.—G. K. Chesterton: A Criticism. 5s.
COLES-FINCH, W. (Engineer, Chatham Water Works).—Water: its Origin and Use. Profusely illustrated from photographs by Aubrey Le Blond. 21s. net.
COUPERUS, LOUIS.—Psyche. Translated from the Dutch by the Rev. B. S. Berrington. With 12 full-page illustrations by Dion Clayton Calthrop. 3s. 6d.

Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

BLACKMORE, R. D.—The Maid of Sker. (New Edition and binding.) 2s. 6d.
JANE, FRED T.—Fighting Ships, 1908. 2s. net.
SMITH, MRS. MACHELL.—Our Ramble in Old London. 1s.

The Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd.

JOKAI, MAURUS.—Manasseh. 6s.
JOKAI, MAURUS.—The Baron's Son. 6s.
PERFECT, REV. H. T.—Lady Beauclerc and Socialism. 6s.

Mr. A. H. Stockwell.

COLES, REV. C. E.—Sermons from a South African Pulpit. 1s. net.
HALL, PHILIP H.—The Brotherhood of Man, and other Sermons. 2s. 6d.
HART, HERBERT.—Christian Credentials. 1s. net.
HOOLEY-TERESA, M.—Joan and the Wind Spirit, and other Stories. 1s. 6d. net.
ROBERTS, REV. J. E., M.A., B.D.—The Lord's Prayer. 1s. net.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

ACKEMAN, M., and DR. BRIDGE (Words by), PARRATT, SIR WALTER (Music by).—St. George's Windsor Series of Plays. 6 parts. Words only, 6d. each; Words and Music, 1s. 6d. each.
ST. CLAIR, OSWALD.—Low Wages and No Wages.
THEAL, DR. G. McCALL.—History of South Africa, 1860–72. 7s. 6d.
WILLIAMS, MISS ATKINSON.—Report of Teaching in U.S.A.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from two numbers of "The Bookman" for the current month (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the Editor of the Young Authors' Page, "Bookman" Office, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE
AUGUST, 1908.

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

W. H. HUDSON.

I DO not know how far it may be a matter of personal experience or of the advance of the age of reflection and comparison (I should like well indeed to compare results with other contemporary observers), but to me at any rate the effect produced by the last few years has been one of sudden and almost universal change; and among the subtlest of the changes, but not by any means, I believe, among the least fundamental, are those which have come over rural life. An extraordinary transformation, more gradual of course than in the towns, but no less substantial, has come about here. Townsfolk, town ideas, are penetrating even here, thanks to the vastly increased mobility of the last ten years. The country which the landed gentry kept so exquisitely groomed at so great a price during two centuries is being encroached upon by the bungalow and the week-end cottage (suburbia *in pago*). The old villager, the village gossip and the village humour, the village wiseacre, the village idiot, the village music, and the village point of view generally are things of yesterday. So imminent and so irresistible has become this feeling of change that almost every lane, every glade and shady combe and every upland vista in our incomparable southern land of Wessex is haunted by the sadness of the thought that one may not see it again in its virgin and unspoiled beauty, the joint product of wilding nature and of so much arduous structure and restrained artifice. For this reason I think that all those writers of the nineteenth century who have preserved for us with fidelity and with appropriate charm the traits and lineaments of the old face of the country and of the dwellers therein will be found in fifty years or so hence to have deserved a special tribute of appreciation from a grateful posterity. For this reason I am confident of the great enhancement in the future of the fame of George Eliot, who has done for us what the two more popular masters were incapable of, namely, given us a true and imperishable portrait of genuine country life in Early Victorian England. A few years later and we get the rich essayistic supplement of Richard Jefferies, commencing with "The Gamekeeper at Home" and "Wild Life in a Southern County," which is every year more surely taking the literary rank that it deserves. The essayist filled in the interstices left by novels such as "Adam Bede" and "Middlemarch." But the 'eighties and 'nineties of the last century have done even more to preserve for us the traits of the old village cosmogony in the exquisite novels of Thomas Hardy. The style of these has been adequately recognised at last, but their full value as records can only be appreciated by degrees. As a stylist and as a reporter of the good old rural thoughts and rural ways, Mr. Hardy has one, and as I think only one, rival at the present day, and that rival is Mr. W. H. Hudson.

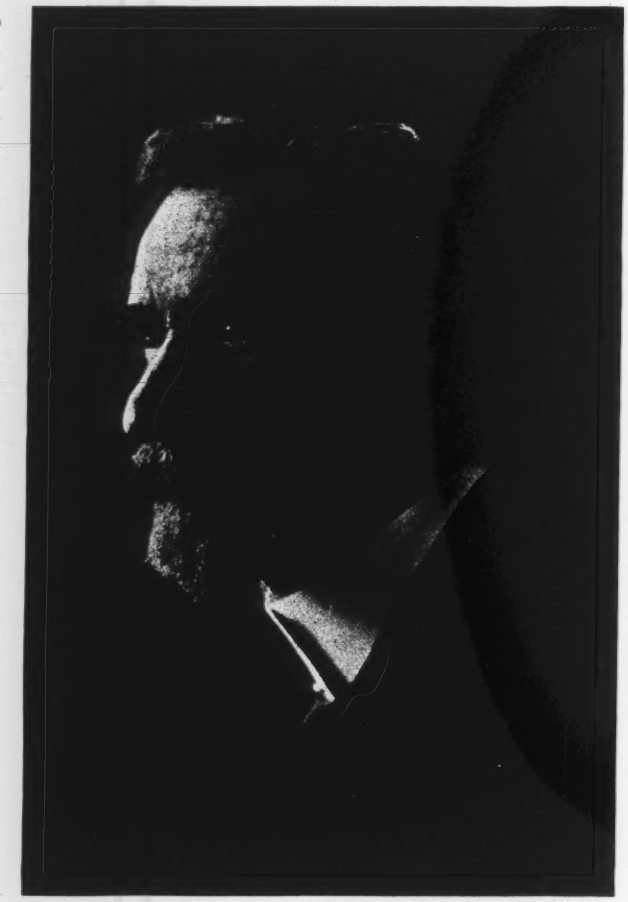


Photo by Marie Léon.

Mr. W. H. Hudson.

Mr. Hudson tells us in his books that he is an ignoramus and in the matter of books no better than a fool. But I have more often been baffled by his amazing knowledge. Of modern poetry and of byways of old nature poetry, on freaks of nature, on tree and serpent worship, of the old Spanish colonial life, of Silchester, and of half a dozen English counties, and especially of Wilts, I have heard him talk as no other living man probably could. Such a budget betokens age, ripeness, experience. But who knows the age of this writer? As well ask the age of Downland itself. You may cleverly find a date in "Who's Who," which I have not by me, writing in the depth of the country, but you will not, I assure you, be any the wiser. The personality of Mr. Hudson constitutes a charm at least equal to that of his writing, and like his knowledge and his literary filiation, it is baffling and elusive. What I seem to know about the evolution of this personality, this charm and this wonderful style, is probably for the most part imaginary, uncorroborated, dependent in part from my reading of the books, in part perhaps, though I am uncertain, upon gossip. After the proverbial grammar-school education, Mr. Hudson was sent to Buenos Aires. He wandered far and wide in Patagonia and the Argentine and made unlimited love to the signorinettas on the various estancias he traversed on a journey that seemed endless, in the course of which he witnessed and perhaps fought in a cavalry engagement or two. Whether he lost or

failed to win a fortune is uncertain, but he returned home with empty pockets, frequented the society of literary men as poor as himself, among them George Gissing and Morley Roberts, who dedicates one of his books (is it his best, "The Western Avernus"?) to Hudson and Gissing. Unlike the latter, he had the art of knitting friendships in all classes of society. He wrote a masterpiece, "The Purple Land," a fantasy, as original as it is delectable, called "The Crystal Age," and then in 1892 a much more popular book, "The Naturalist in La Plata," and he waited.

The average reader will perhaps have made his first acquaintance with W. H. Hudson in the "Naturalist in La Plata," and this is a very good book of his to begin with and to know, for it contains, I believe, the classical account of the ceremonial songs, dances, and empyrean flights of birds during pairing time which so many naturalists have copied, some few carped at, and all envied. It also contains a wonderful account of the prowess of, and the severe punishments inflicted upon his unfortunate foes (such as dogs) by, the arrogant and mephitic skunk, a famous comparison of the wily spider to the *homo retiarius* of primitive times, and some delightful anecdotes of "the lion of the prairie," the puma, and its friendliness to man. Before this he had written "Wild Days in Patagonia," containing the best account that we have of that knuckle-end of South America, in addition to some snake studies of peculiar fascination. From this trunk or foundation the work of W. H. Hudson ramifies, so far as I know it, in three or four directions. There are first the graphic narrations of further South American experiences in which fact and fancy are so skilfully interwoven as to be inextricable by the casual observer. The first of these is that delightful Odyssey of the Banda Oriental known as "The Purple Land." In this the discursive genius of the author seems to me to reach its height, while the thread of personal and sentimental adventure that runs through it gives it a consecutiveness and a unity of interest which some readers are apt to miss in Mr. Hudson's books. Equally attractive to me, or even more so perhaps, on account of the perfect beauty of the style, with its long runs and its cadences in singular harmony with the vastness and often melancholy of the waving and treeless plains, is the collection of four short stories entitled "El Ombu." Mr. Hudson seems to have a strong affection, mingled perhaps with some distrust, for the famous Gitano, Don Jorge Borrovio, and he dedicates these four stories in a very Borrovian fashion to his friend "singularismo escritor ingles," R. C. Cunninghame Graham, "who has lived with and knows (even to the marrow as they would themselves say) the horsemen of the Pampas, and who alone of European writers has rendered something of the vanishing colour of that remote life." He himself certainly may be added to those who have portrayed the colour and romance of the solitude that once was in South America, as Bates and Wallace have done of its more northerly regions, with less incisiveness perhaps than the "escritor" above mentioned, but with more of the poetry and sentiment of style. With these books may be linked the beautiful and fantastic picture, very closely observed though much of it is, of forest and Indian life contained in "Green Mansions," which is, I believe, like "The Purple Land," an earlier book, revised and reanimated, and which many regard as Mr. Hudson's *chef-d'œuvre*. For my own part I may admit that I am frankly perplexed in my admiration between "The Purple Land," "El Ombu," and one or two books written more closely to the prescription of Richard Jefferies, such as "Nature in Downland" and "Hampshire Days."

The author's explanation of the source of joy that springs out of the cropped turf of the upland is not wholly conclusive. But the thing is incommunicable, surely. Here is an example of his style which will speak for itself:

> "And so we talked for half an hour, standing in the glorious morning sunshine, the green withdrawing sea growing smoother by degrees, but far out we could see it still rough with big rollers, foam-crested; the little ringed dotterels and the large grey plover running about on the sand and feeding unconcerned near us; the big patient horses standing with masses of wet sea-weed glistening at their feet. It was very wonderful and I was happy, and laughed with the old carter as we talked; but the thought of Jefferies, slain before his time by hateful destiny, still haunted me, and deep down beneath my happiness was an ineffable sadness."

This is a good example of the qualities of the author's style, which owes something in these books to Jefferies and something perhaps to Gilbert White; the style of the South American books has more idiosyncrasy. "Hampshire Days" is in the same category as "Nature in Downland," but it contains less pure observation and more reflection and interpretation. Bird life is depicted in a more synthetic fashion, and the calm indifference of Nature to the ravages caused among its most beautiful species by cold and famine is pictured for us impressively, and with the more effect owing to the restraint which the newer school of anthropomorphic naturalists have too often discarded. Passing by "The Little Boy Lost," a fairy story for children containing a thousand beauties of its own—though not those, I fancy, by which the heart of the child is most easily captivated—and "The Crystal Age" (another early book revived), and the Cornish book which I have not yet read, we come to the last category of Mr. Hudson's books with which I am acquainted, that, namely, of books expressly about birds, such as "Birds and Man," "Birds in a Village," "Birds in London," and "British Birds."

Incompetent as I am, no doubt, to discuss these comparatively or in any other way, I may say nevertheless that of these I like "Birds in London" the best. It gives literally a bird's-eye view of the metropolis, indicating and criticising from a distinctively avine point of view the various spots of green which appear in the map of London. The descriptions of the London sparrow and the havoc wrought in the great parks by the midnight cat, and by the bigwigs who doom the fine old elms to destruction, are excellent reading. These bird books are less exclusively birdy, if I may use the expression, than those of Mr. Warde Fowler, Selous, Dixon, or Seebohm, and they are, I think (dare I say in

consequence ?), the more entertaining. To "collectors," such as myself, I would recommend that their purchase be postponed to that of "The Naturalist in La Plata," "The Purple Land," "Nature in Downland," and "Hampshire Days." These will make a good foundation. Hudson has not the trick of the *continu*, you object. I can find all I want in him without that. The story-book aspect of life is absurdly over insisted on. Mr. Hudson is an artist and a philosopher. He will direct us to the sources of irony and pity, ay, and often to the source of human gladness itself.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

AUGUST, 1908.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the two most striking examples in literature of contemporary judgments that have been upset by posterity.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation has been awarded to Miss ROBINSON, Glengall, Romford.

BIG GAME AT SEA. BY G. F. HOLDEN.

"The trail of the serpent is over them all."—T. MOORE.

From amongst the large number of other quotations submitted, I select the following:

EVERY WOMAN'S TOILET BOOK. BY MRS. ROBERT NOBLE.

"Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries!"
SCOTT, *The Monastery.*

(Eric S. Barber, 14, Lawson Road, Sheffield.)

IRISH POEMS. BY ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES.

"Let's talk of Graves. . . ."—SHAKESPEARE, *Richard II.*

(Mrs. Sharum, 26, Westbourne Road, Hove, Brighton.)

A TRAMP'S PHILOSOPHY. BY BART KENNEDY.

"Ther' ain't a livin' man that finds an income necessiarier
Than me."—LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers.*

(Mrs. G. M. Norman, 118, Walmersley Road, Bury, Lancs.)

WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

"The heir of hopes too fair to turn out false."—R. BROWNING.

(David Wilson, 10, Grantly Gardens, Shawlands, Glasgow.)

BURIED ALIVE. BY ARNOLD BENNETT.

"The black earth yawns; the mortal disappears."
TENNYSON, *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.*

(M. F. Graham, 5, Queensferry Terrace, Edinburgh.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the six best quotations in verse or prose in which an author makes reference to his own calling is awarded to Mr. J. E. MACDONALD, 50, Spottiswoode Street, Edinburgh.

1. "'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print:
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."
BYRON, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*

2. "What we have done, when we have written a book, will never be known till the Day of Judgment; then the account will be liquidated, and all the good it has occasioned, and all the evil, will witness either for or against us."—COWPER, *Letters.*

3. "So that the first duty of any man who is to write is intellectual. Designedly or not, he has so far set himself up for a leader in the minds of men; and he must see that his own mind is kept supple, charitable, and bright."
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

4. "Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet."
POPE, *Horace's Satires.*

5. "On all sides are we not driven to the conclusion that, of the things which man can do or make here below, by far the most momentous, wonderful and worthy are the things that we call Books? . . . For indeed, whatever be the outward form of the thing (bits of paper, as we say, and black ink), is it not verily, at bottom, the highest act of man's faculty that produces a book?"—CARLYLE.

6. "The difficulty of literature is—not to write, but to write what you mean; not to affect your reader, but to affect him precisely as you wish . . . the business of life is mainly carried on by means of this difficult art of literature, and according to a man's proficiency in that art shall be the freedom and fulness of his intercourse with other men."
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Very good quotations have been sent in by T. E. Casson (Pennington), George Rothnie (Aberdeen), Miss Kate E. Abbott (Weymouth), Miss Sims (Boxmoor), D. Phillips (Morriston), Mrs. Rainey (St. Ives), M. C. Jobson (Harrogate), and others.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book is awarded to Miss EDITH COWELL, Dewsmead, Bishops Stortford.

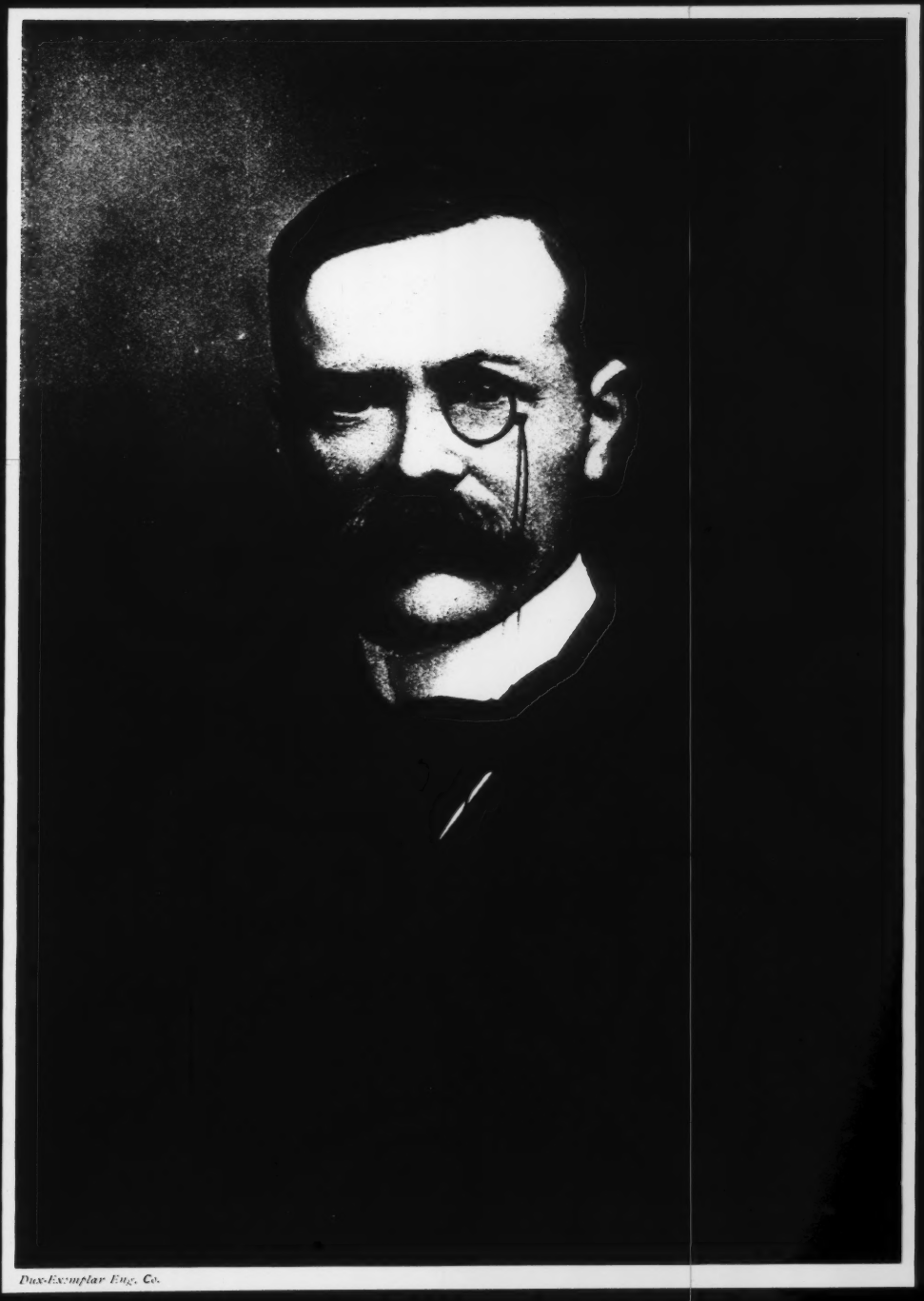
THE LATER YEARS OF CATHERINE DE MEDICI. BY MISS EDITH SICHEL. (Constable.)

Miss Sichel's latest work is a fitting sequel to "Catherine de Medici and the Reformation." It is scholarly, but never dull; brilliant, but never superficial. There is a wealth of detail, but it is accurate and interesting, and never superfluous. The characters are intensely human and real to us, never far away and fantastic as mediæval personages are apt to appear. It is difficult to imagine any book which combines such charm of manner with such soundness of matter.

The best of the many other criticisms sent in have been received from Mrs. E. Mary Daniel (London, W.C.), Cecil Hylton (West Hampstead), Dorothy A. Cory (Cheadle), Rev. F. Hern (Rowland's Castle), J. W. Brown (Holland), A. Rowberry-Williams (Denbigh), B. Moore (Catford, S.E.), L. Webb (Shanklin).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" has been gained by MR. E. DE J. BISHOP, Edgerton School, Huddersfield.

XUM



Dux-Exemplar Engr. Co.

THE READER.

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

ONE of Crabbe's warmest admirers (wasn't it Brougham?—I can't remember for certain) owned that when he heard of the poet's death he found a melancholy consolation of sorts in being able to contemplate his array of volumes on the shelf and know that now, at all events, he possessed his complete works. A cold comfort at best, and one that an author is generally more than willing to withhold from his readers for as long as possible; yet here is Mr. Stanley Weyman, in the prime of life and at the zenith of his powers and his reputation, deliberately resolved that his new novel, "The Wild Geese," shall be also his last, that we shall be prematurely possessed of his complete works whilst he is still walking the earth in health and strength and could add to them if he would.

"I think I have told all the tales I have to tell," he said frankly the other day, allowing himself to be interviewed for the first time these thirteen years. "I should not care to go on writing till the critics began to hint that I was repeating myself, and the public was beginning to feel that it had had about enough of me. I consider I have been very fortunate; critics, publishers, the public have all treated me well, and I am not going to presume upon it. I am fifty-three; I have had a long run and would far sooner quit the stage now, whilst I am still playing to a full house, than go on and tire the audience and ring the curtain down at last on half-empty benches."

It is no use reminding him that fifty-three is not an advanced age or attempting to argue the point with him at all; he is no egotist, nothing of a poseur; he is one of the most modest, most genially unassuming authors I have ever met, and considers that he is merely taking a practical, honest, soundly critical view of himself and his achievements when he is all the time carelessly, contentedly, shamelessly under-estimating both; and I say this here, where he can't stop me, because he dodged it, as if he suspected me of flattery, when I tried to say it whilst we were in conversation.

"I began my career as a novelist at a lucky moment," he insists. "When I started, nobody was writing the kind of novel I wrote. If I had commenced ten years later, things would have been different, and I don't suppose I should have made a hit, for then there were many more in the field—but I had got the start of them."

You may urge that nearly all those others in the field were his imitators, men who had lit their torches at his fire, the school he had himself created, but he shakes his head and can't see how that matters in the least.

"If I had not started when I did," he will have it, "somebody else would have done so. The time was ripe for the return of the historical novel, and I happened to put forth my first book at that moment—that's all."

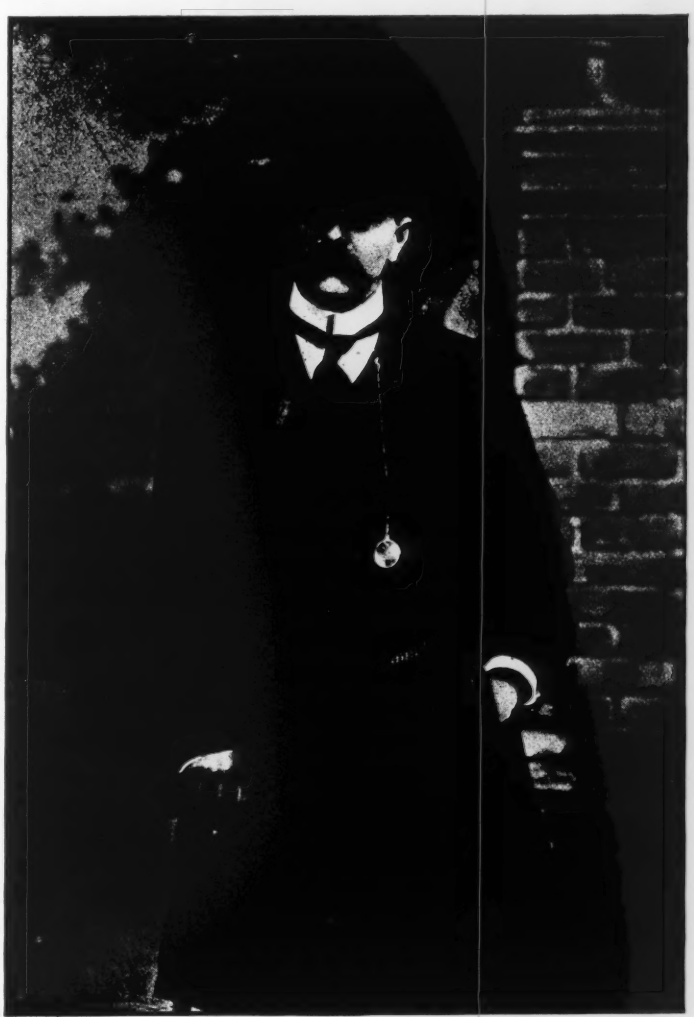


Photo by Elliott & Fry, specially taken for "The Bookman."

Mr, Stanley J. Weyman.

Then, before you quite recognise what he is after, he has gently kicked over the traces and is expressing enthusiastic opinions of his contemporaries, and has told you how he rereads and profoundly admires the novels of William de Morgan, what delight he has in the stories of Jacobs, Ross and Somerville, and Pett Ridge, before you can manage to catch him again and get him back to himself.

Mr. Weyman was born at Ludlow, in Shropshire, in August, 1855. His father was a solicitor; he was educated at Shrewsbury [School and at

Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree, and then proceeding to read for the higher branch of his father's profession, was called to the Bar in 1881. Thereafter, for some ten years, he practised as a barrister, going the Oxford Circuit, undertaking the prosecution of petty criminals, and in a word, being thoroughly well ground in the mill that all young barristers have to go through. By the way, I have an oddly vivid memory of a thumbnail sketch given in "Chippinge" of Westminster Hall when the Law Courts used to be held there, and it is doubtless something of personal recollection that colours the description, since the Courts were still held there for a year or so after Mr. Weyman first wore wig and gown.

Without feeling any dislike for his profession, Mr. Weyman had no abounding love of it, and by degrees it was borne in upon him that however long he persevered he was never likely to score more than a very average success in it, seeing that he had no special talent as a cross-examiner and no eloquence as a speaker. He never seriously contemplated any other calling, however, until he was turned thirty; then, as most men do at that age unless they are already succeeding, he began to take stock of his possibilities, to wonder whether he was in the right road, and whether the pen, with which he had so far been only amusing himself in his leisure, might not after all be his proper vocation; and the ultimate result of this uncertainty, this weighing of himself in the balance, was that instead of saying to Fiction, as Blackstone had said to Poetry,

> "Farewell!—a long, a last adieu.
> Me wrangling crowds and stubborn law
> To smoke and crowds and cities draw. . . .
> The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
> The pert dispute, the dull debate,
> The drowsy bench, the babbling hall,
> For thee, fair Justice, welcome all!"

"With a gesture between contempt and impatience the Duke removed his hat."
(From "Shrewsbury," by Stanley J. Weyman. By kind permission of Messrs Longmans, Green & Co.)

he found himself in due course a popular historical novelist, bade farewell to the law, relinquished his practice, and settled down comfortably as an author by profession, with no long road of failures and hardships to look back upon, and a brilliant succession of triumphs waiting ahead of him.

Mr. Weyman's career has been happily unorthodox in more respects than one. In his early years he had no literary ambitions; he did not start scribbling when he was a boy, and his schooling gave him no bent towards what was to prove his true calling, for at school he was put through no historical studies worth the name; he has gathered his intimate knowledge of French

Mr. Stanley Weyman's House near Ruthin, Denbighshire.
The property of Mr. Bertie Cecil Johnson.

"For a second the Man in Black stood motionless."

(From "The Man in Black," by Stanley J. Weyman. By kind permission of Messrs. Cassell & Co.)

history, has taught himself indeed practically all the history he knows, since his schooldays were ended. At Oxford he occupied himself occasionally with penning little sketches of 'Varsity life and character and sent them to the magazines, which declined as many as they accepted. His first published work was one of these; it was called "My Scouts," and appeared in *Chambers's Journal*, in which a few of the others also found a place.

By-and-by, with no more serious intention than that of killing his spare time and perhaps adding a little to his income, he was trying his hand at short stories; two or three were taken by the *Cornhill* during the dull months after he had been called to the Bar, and was patiently looking out for the briefs that were not in a hurry to come, and one of them so pleased James Payn, that shrewdest and kindliest of editors, that he wrote and invited Mr. Weyman to come in and see him when he was passing, and the subsequent interview was a turning-point in his career. Payn gave him the encouragement that counts for so much when one is hesitating; he told him, too, that, in his experience it was no good hoping to make a living as a writer of fiction by the writing of short stories; that people would not take him seriously, he could not earn a sufficient income or obtain any solid footing unless he worked hard and on a larger scale and wrote novels. He came away stimulated by Payn's praise, and with a growing determination to act upon his advice; and whilst he was still making up his mind about it, and casting around for a subject to get to work upon, he strolled into the library at his club and happened to notice White's "Massacre of St. Bartholomew" on the shelf, thought vaguely how this was one of those moving, thrilling, grimly fascinating events that take the sympathies and the imagination of the world by storm, reached the book down, and was soon absorbed in it; and it was by these casual, hesitating steps that he came to the writing of that virile, picturesque, historical romance, the first of his books, "The House of the Wolf."

There was little or no difficulty in disposing of it serially; it ran through the *English Illustrated* in 1883, and paved the way for one of the sharpest disappointments Mr. Weyman has had to encounter. He had rather taken it for granted that Messrs. Macmillan, then the proprietors of the magazine, would naturally be willing to undertake to issue the novel in book form, but they were not. They hesitated, some five or six other publishers followed their example, and not until 1890 did the story come out in covers. Meanwhile, Mr. Weyman had laid it aside and given up hoping to do anything further with it, when one day his friend Mr. Phillips Wolley dropped in at his chambers and

"He had dismounted and had his hat in his hand."

(From "The Abbess of Vlaye," by Stanley J. Weyman. By kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.)

mentioned that he had written a book for boys and intended to entrust it to a literary agent. Mr. Weyman, having at that date a dim prejudice against agents, exerted himself to dissuade him from doing this, and so far prevailed that Mr. Wolley's ardour was damped, and he refrained for the nonce from carrying out his purpose; presently, however, he went quietly off and had his own way, and a week or two later burst in upon Mr. Weyman triumphant—he had conveyed the book to an agent, and the agent had sold it. Whereupon Mr. Weyman, rudely shocked out of his prejudices, felt round for his hat, demanded the name and address of that agent, straightway carried "The House of the Wolf" to Mr. A. P. Watt, and a note in a day or two informed him that it was accepted by Messrs. Longmans.

By this, Mr. Weyman had written "The Story of Francis Cludde," which had appeared serially in the *Leisure Hour*, and "The New Rector"—an admirable story and the only one of his, despite a lot of loose twaddle about Scott and Dumas, in which you can really trace the influence of any other author; and I believe Mr. Weyman is rather pleased to own that he wrote "The New Rector" when he was under the spell of Anthony Trollope, a novelist whom he thinks the world does not yet rate at his real worth, and whom he rates so highly that he is convinced that the best of his finely

From "The Wild Geese," (Hodder & Stoughton.)

From "The Wild Geese." (Hodder & Stoughton.)

realistic pictures of mid-Victorian life and character will secure for him a niche among the immortals beside Jane Austen.

These three books, the second and third of which came out in 1891, put his success as a novelist beyond question, and "A Gentleman of France" in 1893 lifted him to that very high place among living romancists which he has held ever since. At the outset it looked as if "A Gentleman of France" was going to have perhaps as good a reception as its three predecessors, but certainly nothing better; for the first ten weeks it aroused no unusual sensation, and the sales were not so brisk as to make the publisher excited. Mr. Weyman left London on a holiday without guessing that he was on the verge of a "boom"; he spent a quiet vacation at an out-of-the-way spot in Cornwall, and then returned to find that his book had leaped into a sudden and roaring popularity; almost everybody who wasn't selling it was buying it or borrowing it or going to, and it was the novel of the day, the talk of the town; he had gone away a new novelist about whom the critics were beginning to prophecy; he came back to learn that he had developed into a famous one during his absence.

Next year he amply justified the faith of his critics by producing "Under the Red Robe," with its wonderful

portraiture of that dashing, swashbuckling, gallant gentleman of fortune, Gil de Berault, who, in spite of all, or because of all, his human weaknesses, wins upon the reader irresistibly, and, when love wakens a soul in him, proves himself a hero and a man of honour; with its unforgettable little sketch of the great Cardinal Richelieu, its glorious romance of love and intrigue and adventure. "A Gentleman of France" has been the most popular of all Mr. Weyman's novels, but "Under the Red Robe" runs it very closely, and, as everybody knows, the dramatic version of the latter, by the late Edward Rose, is scarcely less popular than the book itself. These two are certainly first favourites with the public, but Mr. Weyman's own preference is for "Chippinge," which he considers his best work. He took more pains with it, he says, than with anything else he has written. It is a story of William the Fourth's reign, a great story of love and politics, with the uprising of the democracy, the breaking down of the old tyrannical class privileges, and the dust and hubbub of the Reform Riots for background and environment. The tone and atmosphere of the time, the bygone fashions of dress and thought and conduct, are brought back to your apprehension by a hundred subtle little touches of minute detail that are shaded in with so light a hand that you scarcely notice them, though they take their due share in subduing you to the illusion of his fancy; here, as always, Mr. Weyman has a good tale to tell, and as in all his later work, he tells it with a delightful ease and deftness, a ripe skill in characterisation, a matured charm of style that gains its end as if casually and without effort, that makes you see the things described without taxing you to read lengthy passages of description, that makes you know and realise intimately the people of the tale without his having to impress them upon you by any laboured psychological study of their characters, which should and do properly and sufficiently reveal themselves in what they say and what they do. Psychological analysis in a novel is no sign of cleverness or genius, but of a lack of it; one's characters should be brought to life without it; it ought not to be necessary, any more than it is necessary to leave your scaffolding standing as an integral part of the building.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Stanley J. Weyman.**

Fine romance as "Chippinge" is, in my private regard it does not take the wall of "A Gentleman of France," of "Under the Red Robe," of "Shrewsbury," or of "Starvecrow Farm," and I know of a competent critic who prefers "The Long Night" to any of these. But it is a futile thing to compare Mr. Weyman's books with each other; they deal with such widely different periods in the history of England, France, Holland, Italy, Ireland, are in so many ways essentially unlike each other that only the most superficial and useless comparison is possible. I have recently been re-reading some dozen of them in succession, and have been struck anew with the amazing variety of their plots and characters, the overflowing plenty and resourcefulness of Mr. Weyman's invention, the vividness and unflagging vigour of his imaginative power; and passing directly from the two earliest to this latest, which he says is to be his last, "The Wild Geese," I am keenly conscious of how his art has ripened with the years and grown in strength and quiet effectiveness; his later plots are more subtly constructed, his men and women are realised more fully, with a broader knowledge; and without losing anything of its charm and freshness, his style has gained enormously in suppleness and poignancy, and, as at first, so still he has the rare gift of beginning a story alluringly and keeping it alive and moving always until it stops for good.

"The Wild Geese" takes you to the Ireland of George the First's day, to a wild countryside that is simmering with rebellion and ready and eager to break into active and merciless revolt. Colonel John Sullivan, a Protestant, returns from the wars in Sweden to assume his position in the McMurrough household as guardian of Flavia McMurrough. The McMurroughs are Catholics, and Flavia's dead father had appointed the Colonel her guardian and his heir because of the harsh disabilities that deprived Catholics of their rights of inheritance, and he knew John well enough to know that he would hold the property honestly in trust for his daughter. It is a shiftless, riotous, undisciplined household, and the Colonel gets but a black welcome from all except the amiable, purposeless, easy-going Uncle Ulick. Flavia herself angrily resents his intrusion, and her brother James, the McMurrough, a graceless, dissipated young cub, who selfishly plays on his sister's affection to possess himself of her money, stops short of no rascally chance of getting rid of him. But the Colonel is not the man to be turned from his purpose; he has something of a Quaker strain in him, has a conscientious objection to duelling, especially as he is a supreme swordsman, and is not afraid to be thought a coward. A Protestant

in the thick of a turbulent, vindictive Catholic community, he has a high and rigid conception of his duty, and allows neither love nor hate nor the fear of death to stand betwixt him and its accomplishment. It is a study in the character of a strong and sturdily just man, of a tantalisingly inconsistent, fascinatingly feminine woman; but before all it is a living and poignant story that grips your interest and lays such a spell upon you as only the hand of a master is cunning enough to weave.

Withal Mr. Weyman is determined to break his wand and conjure up no more dreams for us. It is only eighteen years ago that his name appeared for the first time on the title-page of a book; he has given us a score of volumes since then and is minded to give us no more. "The Wild Geese" is a brilliant last book, if it is to be the last, but I confess I am not without hope. At present Mr. Weyman is immovable in his decision; he has fulfilled all his contracts, has refused to sign any more, and does not intend to write another story; but I can't help feeling that when three or four years have passed and he is grown weary of resting, it is possible (and he does not quite deny the possibility) that he may be drawn in spite of himself—not to write to order; that he will never do again—but to write at least one more romance in his own time, in his own way, for his own pleasure, and because the spirit moves him to write it. In the interval, he leaves his place empty, for where is there one amongst his rivals and his many followers who can fill it?

POSH.

BY THE RIGHT HON. SIR W. BRAMPTON GURDON, K.C.M.G.

SO many works have been produced of late years relating to Edward FitzGerald and Omar Khâyyâm that very little material remains for publication. Mr. Blyth has given us a small volume on the relations between the poet and his pet Lowestoft fisherman "Posh" Fletcher,* whose name has often appeared in narratives of FitzGerald's life.

Joseph Fletcher was the son of a Lowestoft fisherman and was about twenty-seven years of age when FitzGerald, then an elderly man, made his acquaintance in 1865, and was fascinated by his comely appearance and simple character. He himself describes him as a "man fit to to be King of a Kingdom as well as of a Lugger. . . . Made in the mould of what Humanity should be, Body and Soul, a poor Fisherman." And as regards his appearance: "The colouring is the finest Saxon type: with that complexion which Montaigne calls 'vif, mâle, et flamboyant'; blue eyes; and strictly auburn hair, that any woman might sigh to possess."

Fletcher was generally known by the *nom de guerre* of "Posh," one of those incomprehensible nicknames which are so common in Suffolk, where the fact that each parish has its own surnames, and very few of them, makes some distinction absolutely necessary. Indeed, at petty sessions proceedings generally begin by the production of some witness able to prove that the defendant, indicted as George Smith, is the man generally known as Chinky, by which name he is called during the remainder of the sitting.

Mr. Blyth with some trouble succeeded in obtaining personal interviews with Posh, from whose conversation he has been able to put together a narrative of the intimacy between the poet and the fisherman, which will be interesting to those who have closely followed FitzGerald's life. He has republished a certain number of letters, which are sufficient samples of the correspondence between the friends, and it is doubtful whether the further "sackfuls" of letters which Posh had destroyed would have been of any additional value.

Posh in 1907.
From "Edward FitzGerald and Posh." (John Long.)

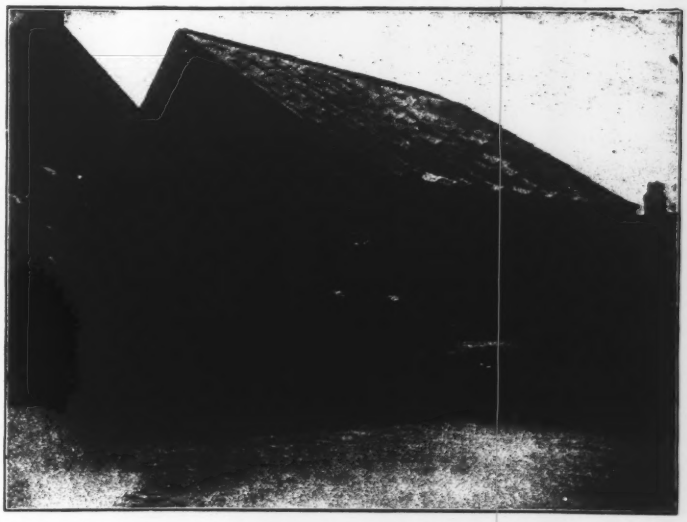
The author appears to have had great difficulty in obtaining Posh's confidence, owing to the very mean way in which he had been treated by a literary man who had previously made his acquaintance; and it is to be feared that this personage will not respond to the challenge made in the introduction for an explanation of his conduct.

The friendship began in 1865, and very early in their acquaintance the patron became aware of his protégé's tendency to take too much beer. Nothing can exceed

* "Edward FitzGerald and Posh, Herring Merchants." By James Blyth. 4s. net. (John Long.)

the courtesy and delicacy with which FitzGerald endeavoured to wean his friend from this failing, the first letter on the subject, a very kind one, being written in 1867, when he begs Posh not to let "a poor old, solitary and sad man waste his anxiety in vain." A later letter is written from London, and alludes to a visit to Evans's supper rooms, and to the music there; but the author is hardly fair in speaking of the "reek" of Evans's, which was a very quiet and respectable place of entertainment.

Later in the year FitzGerald gives a further warning about drink, and in 1868 commence the quarrels about accounts. The fisherman and the poet had gone shares in a fishing lugger—Posh working the boat, and FitzGerald, who describes himself with delight as a "herring-merchant," finding the money. The catches appear at first to have been somewhat unsuccessful; and FitzGerald was annoyed that he could not get an account of disbursements from his partner, which probably arose in some degree from Posh's want of education, but perhaps also from a wrong impression that a demand for accounts must mean want of confidence. In 1869 the partners were apparently again on good terms, and the fishing season was better; but Posh seemed to resent all interference, and in the correspondence of the following years FitzGerald's excessive kindness of heart is conspicuous. It is curious that in one of these letters so learned a man should use the word "telegram" as a verb.



Posh and his old "Shad."
In which nets, etc., belonging to the partnership were stored, and where the letters now published were stored. From "Edward Fitzgerald and Posh." (John Long.)

Early in 1870 further trouble arose in connection with the drink question, which ultimately led to a dissolution of partnership. But the friendship continued; and it was about this time that FitzGerald commissioned a painter, S. Laurence, to take "a life-sized oil sketch of the Head and Shoulders of my Captain of the Lugger"; but it is uncertain whether the commission was executed. Posh is certain that it was; but Dr. Aldis Wright believes the contrary; at all events the portrait cannot now be traced.

The final rupture seems to have occurred at the end of 1873, when FitzGerald heads his letter "Joseph Fletcher," instead of the familiar "Dear Posh" or "Dear Poshy." He appears to have made up his mind that Fletcher could not continue in charge of the two boats then belonging to the firm, unless he became a teetotaller, a suggestion which filled the fisherman with indignation, and the boats were sold in 1874. It is satisfactory to know that temperance has made great progress with the fishermen of the present day, among whom total abstinence is no longer uncommon.

FitzGerald, however, still retained his interest in his old protégé, to whom he wrote a friendly letter in 1875. But he had found that Posh was, as the author describes him, merely a well-built, handsome, ordinary longshoreman, a great genial boy. Mr. Blyth says well that "it is to the credit of the great heart of the man that he never lost his love of Posh, though he undoubtedly did lose his confidence in and respect for him."

It is pleasant to learn that the Lowestoft fishermen still look on the poet as "old Fitz," knowing nothing of his literary fame, but looking on him as a "friend whom they respected and loved."

The book is a little disappointing, and is chiefly interesting as illustrating FitzGerald's great kindness of heart and unworldly simplicity. It is fairly written, and contains some good illustrations, especially the portrait of Posh, which forms the frontispiece; and Mr. Blyth reproduces well the East Anglian dialect, which is a good point when we consider how sadly Kingsley, Dickens, and the author of that most excellent work, "Coke of Norfolk," have failed in that respect. It may, however, be pointed out that the word "boat" in East Anglian rhymes with "loot," not with "foot," as the author suggests.

It is a pity that the author should descend to such a petty vulgarity as calling the present Administration a "twopenny Radical Government," quite *à propos de bottes*, as the events to which his work relates occurred many years before the formation of the Ministry of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman. And why "twopenny"? It cannot refer to the income tax, and the plural of penny is pence. It is rather to be hoped that, if Posh Fletcher is still alive, the book will not fall into his hands, as he certainly will not find it to be pleasant reading.

HENLEY THE POET.

By Y. Y.

DEATH seems to be bringing to the late Mr. Henley a deeper if not wider recognition. The "definitive edition" of his works, collected and selected by himself, is now superseded by a fuller and far superior edition limited to 750 copies.* This argues a considerable body of readers who regard the author with high respect and affection. They will be well satisfied with what the publisher has done for him and them. The binding is especially simple and handsome, and the print large and legible. Probably the selection has been made with sound judgment. It claims to include "all those writings which it is believed that Mr. Henley himself would have chosen to preserve in permanent form." In an appendix about thirty poems are, however, given which the author finally expunged from his "Echoes" and "Bric-à-Brac"; of these a few, especially the three "Villanelles," seem quite up to his higher level. We have now before us the two volumes of the poems and the two of literary essays. Two more will be devoted to a reprint of the "Views and Reviews," and the seventh to the four plays. Let us hope that this edition will be really final. No doubt in his voluminous ephemeral work, Henley, like other able journalists, has left passages as good as or better than anything in his books. But in any case oblivion must be their fate. Few would buy, and none would read, Henley's works in thirty volumes. And the selection would probably be made by one of those fatuous wretches who foul the fame of a Burns or Cowper as they cackle over the discovery of some twaddle which the poet had scribbled in an album. These scrupulously "complete works" are an outrage on any writer save three or four of the greatest.

Those who knew Mr. Henley well, or who know all about his literary career, will be quite satisfied with the editor's plan. I am not. Some of us, perhaps many, have preferred to study good books rather than the tattle about journalists and the popular writers of the day—literary gossip it is called. I for one, beyond reading and reviewing one or two of his books, and hearing and forgetting some good reports of him from common friends, have but a hazy notion of who and what Mr. Henley was. Nor am I thirsting now for the tattle, but rather am grateful that the editor has refrained from the orthodox but very horrible "Life and Appreciation" in which certain eminent literary hacks—I mention no names—are wont to show off their far-fetched phrases, their superfine criticism, and agonising vivisection of character, moods, tenses, phases, and the rest, until their mangled victim becomes in the reader's eyes a disgusting impostor or a bore. Thus, so fulsome and foolish was the cant about Stevenson that one is now only beginning to get over a vague shame for one's own enthusiasm about him. Now here I am asked to write about Henley, and his works afford me little help. There is no preface or introduction, no bibliographical notes to the poems (at least as yet), no information about the author. The poems do not seem to be arranged chronologically; to some pieces or groups of poems there are dates, often embracing several years, but it is not clear whether these are dates of composition or publication. To all "Complete Works" there should be a key. What we want is a short, plain, sensible account of the author's *literary* career. And could I reach the publisher's ear I should very respectfully plead with him thus: It is not too late; such a sketch could be added to the last volume. If you have time, compile it yourself. If not, employ some one you can trust, your clerk, your sharp office boy—any one rather than the popular hacks who "do" lives and introductions. A few pages would suffice. Trace Henley's literary progress carefully and in detail, with dates of composition and publication of each important work. You need not quote any elegant criticisms upon him—we shall judge for ourselves. But we should value the judgment of an experienced publisher on the comparative success or failure of his various works with the causes thereof, and on the general relations of the author and his public. Of his private life, so much only as throws light on his literary work. No prying into the privacy of family life. Mention no names of relatives or friends, unless they expressly ask for the advertisement. Waste no money on horrid process-prints of the author's wife's great-aunt's hideous tomb in Highgate Cemetery or of the back kitchen in the cottage at Little Sotwell where his school-fellow's grandmother is said to have once trapped black-beetles. Such irrelevancies, though usual, are really not necessary. Industry, research, harmless dotage, innocent vanity! Quite so. But those who are utterly incapable of understanding men of genius, or what genius is, or the respect that is due to it, or even to the privacy of a great man who of all others shunned notoriety, should hold their peace, or confine themselves to their own autobiographies, which might prove quite harmless, inoffensive, and even pleasant reading. A cat may look at a king. Yes, but he must not miaul out all he has overheard about him in the kitchen. The slug is no doubt according to his lights, and in his limited sphere, a highly respectable animal, but when he crawls, crawls, crawls up and down, backward and forward, over a Rembrandt portrait, the noble visage is effaced for us by his ugly trail. So, trusting to the publisher to see that Henley is spared like outrages, I commend myself to him with all respect.

* "The Works of W. E. Henley." Vols. I.–IV. In 7 vols. Price £2 2s. the full set. (D. Nutt.)

Without much previous acquaintance with the author's work and career in letters, with little time allowed to examine these volumes and less to reflect upon them, it would be presumption to affect a mature and confident judgment. My first impressions and tentative criticisms will be valueless to those who know more about the subject than I do; I only hope they may not mislead those who know as little.

The poems first; to them I have given most attention. Was Henley really a poet, or only a clever versifier? That is the crucial question. In his prose as in his verse I find evidence which to me at least seems convincing, and cannot but think that he was a true poet, a born poet; born with rich promise. Not a great poet to thrill, to enslave, to threaten and command. Not a consummate poet to intoxicate our souls with that sense of absolute ineffable perfection which no other of the arts can induce. Not an enchanting poet, to lead us at his will far out from our world and ourselves into the Paradise of Imagination. Shakespeare with all his faults—perhaps Milton too—was all these in turn. Henley was neither great, nor exquisite, nor seductive. Nevertheless, he was a poet—good or bad poet is not the question—but a poet, not a verse-writer. Often, very often, he may dissatisfy, may disappoint, may fatigue, may even repel; but sometimes, now and then, most forcibly, he arrests, interests, dominates us. It is not the pathos, the vehemence, the joy in life, the kindly cynicism, the virile thought, the personal notes. All interesting, but none of them poetry. It is simply the native poetic genius, the poetic art, most unmistakable where most unconscious—in a turn of thought, a phrase, faulty maybe, or carelessly set, but which could have occurred to no one but a born poet. One recognises in him a member of the craft; not indeed a master-poet, an apprentice only—perhaps an idle or froward one, but all the same a sworn member of the art and mystery, not a clever amateur or outsider. Of course there is a wide borderland peopled by neutral temperaments, and by born poets who have been cured of poetry by a sordid material life, and born hard-fact men whose environment has induced a certain poetical and artistic varnish. But on either side of this neutral zone it is not easy for the poet or the non-poet to conceal his proclivity when he writes. A very few minutes sufficed to convince me beyond a shadow of doubt that Mr. Watson was a true poet; after a longer study I venture to endorse Henley's claims. Not that it is a grand achievement or an unmixed good to be born to the poetical or to the artistic sense. To it other high gifts, intellectual and moral, must be added before you can become a good poet, but without it the wisdom of Solomon and the wit of Voltaire will not avail you to compose verse that is true poetry.

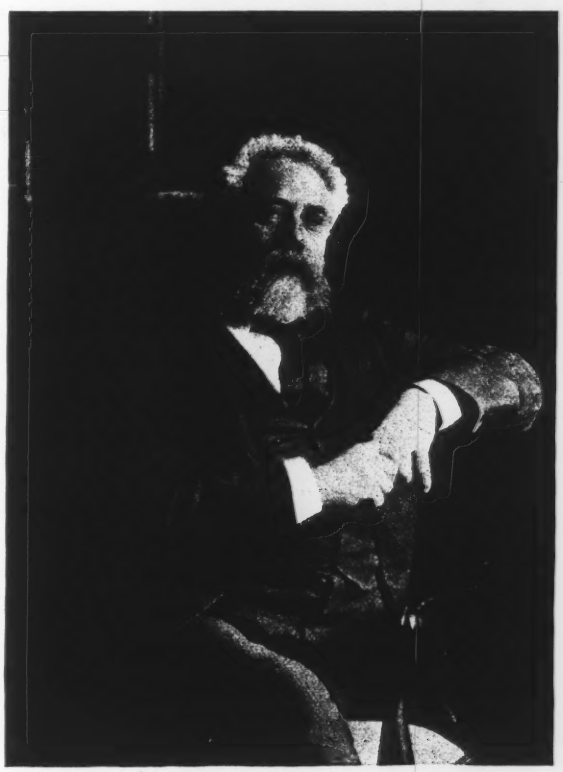


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **W. E. Henley.**

For one thing, Henley shows the true poet's way of looking at things, the poet's trick of thought—unpractical, technically incorrect, unphilosophical, unbalanced, exaggerating and one-sided, obstinately distorting the proportions and falsifying the methodical method of the physical and moral worlds, yet appealing—as it always has and always will—to the human heart with a subtle, inexplicable veracity more potent than the truths of science. He possessed also the gift of expression, strenuous and virile to match his manly moods, though often strained to uncouthness, and warm, picturesque, coloured and even mellifluous when he chose to unbend; and what is rather curious in one who was no professional poet, conspicuous ingenuity, facility and grace in elegant trifles, ballades, rondeaux, and other *tours de force* of metre and sentiment.

On the other hand, Henley's place among the poets will hardly be a high one. Only a few of his pieces, and those not the more ambitious, are likely to appear in anthologies. Much that is characteristic and interesting rather than excellent is sure to perish early. A poet of his day, what of his was most relished by the public will be condemned by the next passing fashion. His bold, manly manner may be despised to-morrow as too coarse, or not coarse enough—who knows? His most beautiful lyrics will never displace our old favourites—the heart is a casket which has room for so few gems, and it is already full.

His poems may be roughly classed under three groups. The first and most successful are the short lyrical pieces, written in approved styles on approved subjects—love, life, destiny, nature, the affections—and therefore perforce ringing, as all such now must, rather too familiarly in spite of their frequent originality of detail. But I think they are most of them genuine effusions, not mere academical exercises. The busy man of the

world seems to be escaping from the mill for an hour's holiday in a beautiful dreamland which he really understands and passionately loves. It may be but a personal choice, but many pieces I should myself rate very, very highly for their sentiment and expression. The second group, merging into the third, is the formally patriotic poems and songs—the "Ode to Queen Victoria," "Pro Rege Nostro," and the war poems, which appeared as "For England's Sake." All are of recent years. I cannot admire them any more than Tennyson's dismal failures in the same province. The poetry of patriotism is so difficult to write that mercifully the world is contented with its few consecrated liturgies of freedom; and the noble rhetoric of Campbell and Collins brooks no modern rivals. Arrogant it was, shamelessly unjust, unreasonable and even absurd—yes, as sentiment, but as poetry superb. We moderns are too temperate, too fair, too cosmopolitan to produce a new "Rule Britannia." Mr. Henley and Mr. Kipling, who, here be it said, sinks lower as he certainly rises higher than his fellow-crusader—as moderns were driven to two expedients. They pump up their patriotism from far depths till it gushes forth as bombast, tempered with a few pints of religion. Or they try to popularise, to democratise their patriotism to the level of the street by vulgar familiarities, strange oaths, and barrack-room slang. Both devices seem to me just as artificial as the grand old Britannic school, without its imperial dignity. Take the "Recessional"—fine as it is. Campbell would have blushed to bid Britannia pause, reflect, repent.

Here we pass easily to the third group, Henley's most characteristic manner, that for which I suppose he is most admired and disliked, his daring attempts to apply poetry to, and extract poetry from, the ugly and sordid. To this belong the series called "In the Hospital," "London Voluntaries," "London Types," and a few isolated pieces. I remember reviewing them in THE BOOKMAN with doubt and diffidence, nor can I now write with more confidence. Personally I dislike and distrust the whole system, and could defend my position at length; but then I have never yet seen the other side properly argued. Certain it is that this new school appeals to many readers, themselves neither coarse nor sordid. So I will only point out that though here Henley may at first strike many, as he struck me, as a mere imitator of Mr. Kipling, the facts are just the other way. "In the Hospital" is dated 1872, yet it shows all the best elements of the school. The same spirit of revolt against convention seems to have prompted his attempts to dispense with rhyme. Here, too, I am prejudiced. The trochaic and dactylic metres seem most successful—he wisely avoids iambics. His well-known "Song of the Sword" mainly consists of hexameters, each cut up into three lines. Until I can grasp its meaning and object better I must think it either obscure or morally unsound. The long rhymeless "Arabian Nights" I cannot distinguish from conversational prose. All must respect Henley's efforts to make poetry more virile, less effeminate, but the merits of the strenuous school cannot be analysed impartially by one who is irritated by its incidental faults.

To conclude, Henley was a true-born poet. But not a great or a fine poet. Professional poets alone are consummate poets. Suppose he had been a professional poet with no care in life but for his art, visiting the world to gain ideas, and ever retreating to some auspicious Vaucluse, Haslemere, or Rydal Water of his own to work them out—what then? I think England would have gained an excellent poet, possibly a great one. So many possibilities seem to lurk in his verses—above all, the manly vigour and the slight infusion of gall which might have saved him from the enervation and corruption of success. We must not try him by the standard of professionals like Tennyson. How meagre his harvest would then appear, how pale his finest sheaves beside the golden glories of Tithonus, Mariana, and Lucretius? But remember, he had not a life's leisure to train and criticise himself. Tennyson alone knew how vast and how worthless were the piles of verses he wisely burnt; we are only aghast at the ineptitude of a few specimens that have survived. Henley was a poet, but a lesser poet because he was forced to be more than a poet.

Of his life I know neither facts nor gossip. But, false or true, a distinct figure seems to emerge from these poems. A youth of warm affections, strong passions, true love of beauty, keen zest in living—as it were a Keats. But with it all great fortitude, and perseverance, perhaps innate—possibly Scotch, perhaps coming later as the fruit of early trials. Education not of the highest or most refined, made up for by after-study. Some errors and excesses, coarse but not unmanly. A period arrives when fate and circumstance finally decide to make of him neither a poet nor a ruffian, but a laborious literary toiler. Then London with its ineffable provincialism, its West-End vulgarity, the hypocrisy of its East, everywhere its pestiferous journalism. He fights London and is the stronger for that, but its pollution coarsens his coarser elements. That peeps out in a word, a phrase, a thought even, in his finest poems. Work, struggle, many absorbing interests—then weariness. Refreshment he probably sought and found in his home-life, but in poetry he could escape for the moment from everything. So I take it that his verses were written not so much as merchandise, as to give play to one side of his nature, which the world was cramping. Whence their merit. A man happy enough, I suppose, as men go, only with an inordinate thirst and capacity for more happiness. But I seem to

see something beyond even that—some secret strain of bitterness running all through his life and poems, some personal grievance against fate or society which he cannot forget. A man who would have both repelled and attracted me. A man of many enemies and a few staunch friends. Something of mystery, much of pathos—a poet exiled from Arcady. This and more I seem to read from him. All lies and inventions! you say? Yes, as are many of the solemn biographies you read and believe.

New Books.

LORD MORLEY'S ESSAYS.*

It was once said to the present writer, "I can't see anything particular in John Morley's style. Why do you think so highly of it?" The answer was, of course, obvious and irresistible: "Because there is nothing particular in it for you to see." Nor did this answer rest upon, or indeed contain, anything uncivilly personal. The style of Lord Morley of Blackburn is, and the style of Mr. John Morley has been for a long time, if not from the very first, one of those in which there is emphatically nothing particular in the ordinary sense, except its particularly general goodness. It does not fizzle with epigram, or glare with colour, or endeavour to transform itself into a sort of rabbit-warren of tortuous conceits where you are lucky if you see even the tail of the thought as it whisks into a fresh compartment. On the other hand, it must be a very touchy person who reproaches it with the "*insulting* clearness" attributed by Nietzsche to John Stuart Mill. (By the way, Lord Morley does not mention this in his remarks on Mill's style; it would have been interesting if he had.) There is nothing about it which suggests a benevolent and conscientious attempt on the writer's part to make himself intelligible even to the dullest reader. On the contrary, it by no means abstains from allusion, or from that half-overt utilising of phrases with a past which speaks to those who understand, while its silence does no harm to those who do not understand. It is not inexact (and it is certainly not uncomplimentary) to say that it sometimes reminds one of Mérimée's.

This unostentatious but exceedingly well-turned-out vehicle has for its present contents seven papers—some reviews, some merely "articles." Two of them, closely connected, are on Machiavelli and Guicciardini; two discuss books by the late Mr. Lecky and the living Mr. Hobhouse on "Democracy"; of the other less obviously connected three, one is on the English commented edition of the Comtist Calendar, one on John Mill, one on Mr. Harrison's "Theophano." In strictness, the remark made by Lord Morley in his short prefatory note that they "are but fugitive pieces, but perhaps not altogether without a clue," would not seem to apply to all: for it directly refers to articles reprinted from the *Times* and the *Nineteenth Century*, whereas the Machiavelli piece was originally a Romanes lecture at Oxford. But there is a kind of clue to all, inasmuch as all deal more or less, directly or indirectly, with the great problem of the Form of Government. This problem is, it need hardly be said, a thorny as well as a great one; handlings of it are apt to show the marks of thorns, and, what is more, to be thorny themselves. That can hardly be said of the present book. Except perhaps in the review of Mr. Lecky's "Democracy" (where it does look a little as if the writer had, in a famous phrase of Matthew Arnold's, "got ruffled by" then recent "fighting"), everything is most philosophically handled. Even in the last article, the other review of Mr. Hobhouse's "Democracy and Reaction," though the attitude is frankly partisan, the partisanship is wide-eyed. The people to whom Democracy is as Diana was to her Ephesians, and the people who say, "It is true that there is a soul of goodness in things evil, but Democracy, being soulless, can have no goodness at all," may each find something to please and should each find a great deal to profit them.

But in most of the papers there is little or nothing perilous or inflammatory. The two Italian pieces are admirable. Though the "Machiavelli" does not, of course, pretend to anything like the "stuff" of Lord Acton's Introduction to Mr. Burd's "Prince," it will certainly be more satisfactory for those who want clear total impression rather than elaborate apparatus. The "Guicciardini" was even more wanted. It is a little amusing to find Lord Morley—after an almost indignant protest against the famous "galleys" story at first—giving later a summary of the historian's defects which practically justifies that story. But he does justice also to the merits, and it is to be heartily hoped that his remarks on the "Ricordi" will send at least some readers, if not to the original, to Mr. Ninian Thomson's excellent translation which has been available for nearly twenty years. The θρέπτρα—the tribute paid by living scholar to dead master—in the anniversary paper on Mill

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Viscount Morley.**

* "Miscellanies." Fourth Series. By John Morley. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan & Co.)

is a most graceful and admirable specimen of its kind, and perhaps the circumstances partly excuse the only deviation from strict accuracy of statement which the present writer has observed in the book. To say that Mansel's Bampton lectures were "preached against Mill" is surely to take a remarkably limited and one-sided view. There was a good deal more than "preaching against Mill" in them. And to say that Mill's "disdain" (an odd word) was usually "mute or confined to private expression" seems to ignore the drift of not a little in the "Examination of Hamilton." But these things are almost unavoidable in panegyrics.

Perhaps the most attractive and certainly the most "non-inflammable" of the papers is that on the Comtist Calendar, which gives occasion for a great deal of interesting personal, and yet not unduly personal, criticism of a literary kind, as well as of others. It could not be consecutive, but it is not in the least confused; and it exhibits that blessed influence of literary catholicity which makes an unliterary politician such a dangerous and one-sided creature. Even on Scott—and what is more, on Scott's historic sense, not merely his literary genius—Lord Morley is not drawn in the least astray by politics; if he perhaps seems to feel the suck of some hidden current in the case of Dante, that current is not political.

Lastly, special attention may be drawn to an admirable couple of pages in the "Theophano" review on the singular modern craze that "history is not a branch of literature." It could hardly come better than from one whose distinction in letters has been largely acquired by work which the most rigid apostle of "history for history's sake" must allow to be historical in the best sense, and whose entire interests in literature have always leaned to the historical, the political, the philosophical, rather than the merely "belletristic." And few could have better pointed out how (to mention no other objection) the required abstraction is impossible. The most laborious researcher, as soon as he ceases merely to calendar, cannot help giving not only the fact, but his sense of the fact. And directly you express your sense of a fact, you are making literature—good it may be, bad it may be, more likely between the two, but still literature. Now, Lord Morley has given us his sense of a good many facts here, and the literature that results is certainly good.

G. SAINTSBURY.

MEMORIES OF LONDON IN THE 'FORTIES.*

It was a happy thought of the late Professor Masson to jot down these reminiscences of his life in London. Within the past sixty years great changes have taken place in the literary and club life of London, and it is well that there should be placed on record for the benefit of the present generation of men of letters an account of how their predecessors lived and worked. In these reminiscences the reader is afforded many a vivid glimpse into the club life of the time; but perhaps the most interesting part is the detailed description of "Our Club," which was frequented by nearly all the literary celebrities of the day—Thackeray, Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks, James Hannay, Charles Knight, etc. Masson seems to have been specially attracted to Douglas Jerrold, of whose personality we have vivid descriptions. Jerrold's fame has grown rather dim in these days, and therefore all the more timely is Masson's generous appreciation of him.

Douglas Jerrold, says Masson, was a little man with a stoop, and a very striking face; an aquiline, eager look; with fair hair which he would sometimes dash aside with his hands—altogether, a man like a little Nelson, with his courageous look.

"People are apt to remember him too little, or only as an ill-tempered, waspish man; but that is not a fair recollection of Douglas Jerrold. He was in his time a wit above all others; in a 'wit combat' none of the others could stand before him. He was also a man of immense energy and heart. He had a large and generous nature, and could never brook anything petty or mean. I always remember him on one occasion at the club. A certain member sent the club boy downstairs to fetch some book or newspaper, and called out after the little fellow in an offensive manner, 'I suppose you can read?' and Douglas Jerrold suddenly blazed out, his own sensitiveness hurt on the boy's behalf, 'Sir,' he cried, 'you have a coarse mind!'"

We have also a fine picture of the reconciliation of Dickens and Jerrold after an estrangement over some unfortunate misunderstanding. The two met at a dinner, and it happened that their chairs were so placed that they were almost back to back. Suddenly Jerrold wheeled round in his chair, clapped Dickens on the shoulder, and said quite audibly, "Charlie, my boy, how are you?"—on which Dickens wheeled round too, holding out both his hands in most cordial reconciliation.

Of Thackeray we have glimpses, though the reminiscences are not so full as one would have liked. Thackeray, in spite of his humour, always seemed to Masson to be a man apart, "a sad and highly sensitive man, a man with whom nobody could take a liberty." Perhaps the most interesting reference is to Thackeray's confession that while he could describe an Irishman perfectly, he never could describe a Scotchman. He felt quite at home with the Irish character, but if he attempted to invent a Scotchman he felt that he would go wrong. One of the most likeable qualities of the Irish, remarked Thackeray, was that there never was an Irishman so low down in the world but there was a countryman depending on him and whom he was assisting.

The serious reader whose interest in literary Bohemianism is slight will find much to his liking in the reminiscences of Carlyle, Mill, and Mazzini. To Mill, to whom Masson was introduced by his friend Bain, the references are tantalisingly brief. One reference deserves to be noticed, in which we see Mill in a new light—that of a genial humorist. The conversation turned on the idea of getting a muster in London of Bentham's remaining disciples, and the names were mentioned of those likely to add dignity to the occasion when Mill struck in with the remark, "And I am Peter who denied his Master"—a playful allusion to the gradual abandonment by Mill of the orthodox Benthamite traditions, which brought upon his head the wrath of stalwarts like Mr. and Mrs. Grote.

One-third of the book is devoted to Carlyle, and here Masson is found at his best. Of Carlyle since the publication of Froude's book enough and more than enough has been said. It is surely the irony of fate that about Carlyle, who set such store by the gospel of silence, there should have sprung up quite a babel of controversy. On the literary dissecting table was spread the personality of Carlyle, and around it gathered a mob of angry disputants, who made the world of letters hideous with their unseemly recriminations. Poor Froude, as I happen to know from private letters to myself in connection with my book on Carlyle, was greatly distressed over the whole affair, and among his last requests was that after his death the Carlyle controversy should not again be re-opened. Masson certainly does not re-open the controversy. He contents himself with recording his own impressions of the Carlyles, and a very genial picture he gives us. It was not altogether Froude's fault that his portrait of Carlyle was somewhat of a caricature. He set himself honestly to give a faithful portrait of Carlyle, warts and all. Unfortunately, owing to temperamental defects he was out of touch with his subject, with the result that the warts were the principal

* "Memories of London in the 'Forties." By David Masson. 3s. 6d. net. (Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.)

features on the canvas. In Masson's pages Carlyle appears as a man, not as a scarecrow, a good solid piece of humanity whose angularities were abundantly neutralised by superb qualities of head and heart.

It is to be regretted that Masson confined himself in his reminiscences to the purely personal and domestic side of Carlyle's life. It is something to have Carlyle presented in a genial light, but in the intellectual life of the mid-nineteenth century Carlyle was a great force, and it is a matter of surprise that Masson has nothing to say of him as a thinker. It is all the more surprising as Masson was a student of the higher thought of the time. His little book on British Philosophy shows great power of interpreting the confusing and conflicting intellectualism of the time, and it is therefore remarkable that in his reminiscences Masson has studiously avoided throwing light upon the working creed of Carlyle. This is to be regretted, as no man was better fitted than Masson to understand and make plain the workings of Carlyle's mind in the higher reaches of thought. Carlyle has been called a Pantheist, a Transcendentalist, an Agnostic, but to my thinking his creed would be accurately described as Calvinism minus Christianity. Imagine the soul of a Convenanter incarnated in the body of a German philosopher and engaged in a perpetual struggle between the religious sentiment of Calvinism and the sceptical tendencies of modern thought, and you have a fair idea of Carlyle the thinker. This side of Carlyle's personality Masson could have handled with great effect, and it is to be deplored that he allowed his well-known reticence on high themes to restrict his reminiscences to the purely domestic side of Carlyle.

The chapter dealing with Mazzini is all that can be desired. Enthusiastic in the cause of Italian unity, Masson was naturally attracted to Mazzini, who, by the way, appears in these reminiscences in a light new to most people. In the popular imagination Mazzini was an Italian conspirator with a fondness for methods which did not bear too close examination. The real Mazzini as revealed in the pages of Masson was not only a patriot of the highest order, a man of nobility of aim and integrity of purpose, but also a man of great intellectual gifts. He knew something of everything. He was equally at home in ancient and modern literature, was well up in art, specially music, and was thoroughly conversant with the problems associated with the names of Kant and Hegel. Masson does with Mazzini what he fails to do with Carlyle: he gives a clear idea of the root principles, the fundamental regulating conceptions which controlled the life of Mazzini. Nothing can be finer than the analysis of the great Italian's personality. One feels in dealing with such themes as the struggle for national liberty and the higher things of the mind, Masson is more in his element than in recording the fleeting socialities of London clubs. It is to be hoped that this volume does not exhaust the late professor's reminiscences. His life-work lay in Scotland, with whose history, ideals, and representative men he was in closest touch. A book of Scottish memories would indeed be an inestimable boon.

HECTOR MACPHERSON.

A PLEA FOR FRENCH POETRY.*

To the "general lover" of literature, it seems strange that any one should take the trouble to write in defence of French poetry. A wise man would scarcely be disappointed not to find in French poetry what he is accustomed to look for in Greek or in English poetry. On the contrary, he would enjoy the variety, and be thankful that concerning poetry 'tis sufficient to say, according to the proverb, that "here is God's plenty." Therefore I would recommend readers of Mr.[1] Bailey's volume to omit the first forty pages and go straight to the studies of the poets themselves. These include Marot, the interpreter of "the sociable, easy-going, easy-living, pleasure-loving Paris, intelligent, amiable, and intensely alive, which has subsisted through all changes political and religious"; Ronsard, who gave France a poetry before she had a language of her own, and to whom our Elizabethan sonneteers owe so large a debt; La Fontaine, who stands for ever by Molière as one of the greatest pleasure-givers of all time and all countries; André Chénier, the first great "poète personnel et rêveur" in France since La Fontaine; Leconte de Lisle, the master of the still-life of nature and of man; and Hérédia, who offers the exultation of a soul bent on the enjoyment of all the beauty the world has to offer.

But the best of the series is the interesting and illuminating study on Victor Hugo. With great wisdom, Mr. Bailey leaves aside Hugo's share in French political and literary quarrels, and concerns himself with his best poetry. Hugo's chief claim to greatness lies in the fact that he, more perhaps than any other poet, expresses in his verse the feeling of the whole of the nineteenth century. He who gave us songs full of the very spirit of love like those beginning, "S'il est un charmant gazon," "L'aube naît et ta porte est close," and "Puisqu'ici-bas toute âme," could also write the "Vision de Dante," the great ode on Napoleon in "Les feuilles d'Automne," the series of the "Légende des Siècles," and the elegies in the second volume of "Les Contemplations."

Hugo, perhaps, makes closer appeal to English readers than any other of the French poets, and if space allowed we might point out how he is in many ways akin to Shelley, Browning, and Swinburne. Like them, he says for us the things we cannot say for ourselves, and therefore

> "The heart that healed all hearts of pain
> No funeral rites inurn:
> Its echoes, while the stars remain,
> Return."

* "The Claims of French Poetry." Nine Studies in the Greater French Poets. By John C. Bailey. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

CAPTAIN-PROFESSOR.*

The unique Professor who delighted so many generations of Oxford undergraduates is gone from us, but he has left a thoroughly characteristic book. Like the man, it belongs to a wider sphere than the University. The dapper little Captain, who was a pillar of the Church and the Conservative party in Oxford, had nothing professorial about him. He was obviously human and interesting, he was a good teacher, and he made his subject popular; most professors contrive to hide these gifts, if they possess them. So it is with his book; the professorship lasting thirty-eight years is for the author a mere incident in a long, busy, and useful life. Three-fourths of the volume is the autobiography of a pious sailor; it might be called "The Bible in the Navy," on the analogy of "The Bible in Spain," as a compound of adventure and religion treated in a manly style. Burrows was only thirty-three when he retired from active service with the rank of commander, but he had gone to sea at fifteen. On his first cruise in the Far East he had to hunt Malay pirates in the Straits. After visiting Canada and the West Indies, he was sent to the Mediterranean, where he fought at the battle of Acre, November 3, 1840, against Mehemet Ali. Then, as a lieutenant of twenty-four, he was employed on the African station, assisting at the foundation of our colony of Natal, lying in wait for slavers off Angola and Mozambique, and incidentally finding a new

* "Autobiography of Montagu Burrows, Captain R.N., Chichele Professor of Modern History." Edited by his son, Stephen Montagu Burrows, with a note by Professor Oman. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

mouth of the Zambesi. Afterwards he was gunnery lieutenant on the *Excellent*, but even here his routine was varied by a cruise along the west coast of Ireland, in the first screw steamer built for the Navy, with the object of catching some of Smith O'Brien's fellow-insurgents in 1848. It was a livelier record than most naval officers could boast, in times of peace. But it is especially notable as a revelation of character. The navy, as Burrows found it in 1834, was, morally speaking, a bad school for youngsters; in physical conditions the service had indeed been transformed since Smollett wrote "Roderick Random," thanks to the long wars, but the prevailing tone was still low. A boy like Burrows who would not drink, swear, or gamble, who spent his leisure in reading solid books and performed his regular devotions, must have been courageous and determined beyond the common. His homely, unsentimental account of the way in which he and two comrades set themselves against the prevalent folly or vice is good to read. There is nothing priggish in it, and, being based on an old diary, it preserves the youthful enthusiasm of the author. Happily there was an improvement in the morals of the navy before Burrows retired; as the college-trained cadets gradually monopolised the service, the tone was raised. No such reproach as Burrows made against too many of his fellow-officers could be cast on the navy of to-day.

The old Professor leaves a good many things unsaid about his Oxford career. But he does make out a case for his own appointment to the new Chichele chair of Modern History against contemporary and later critics. He had taken a double First, in classics and in law and modern history, though he was thirty-three when he matriculated. The stern Freeman had condescended to say that Burrows had "done quite enough for two Firsts" in the History school. Burrows immediately became the most popular law and history coach of the day: Mr. Bryce was one of his pupils. He published a useful little book on Oxford examinations, "Pass and Class"; he wrote for some years for the *Guardian* and took an active part in ecclesiastical affairs. Considering that Oxford was still a distinctively Anglican University, it cannot fairly be said that the electors did so badly as some of the critics suggested when they chose Burrows as Professor. After all, the faculty of teaching ought to be considered in such elections, though it seldom is at our older Universities. Burrows frankly admits that Bishop Wilberforce influenced the electors in his favour, but Archbishop Sumner, Lord Russell, and Lord Chancellor Bethell, three of the five who chose Burrows, were fairly shrewd judges of men. Stubbs, of course, was passed over, but he soon attained the Regius Professorship. Freeman's power as a historian was not yet manifest, save to a small circle; his "Norman Conquest" did not appear till some years later. It seems rather unkind of Burrows to contrast his success in attracting audiences of twenty men, with the failure of those two distinguished rivals to keep a class together. The statement, however, is true enough. Indeed, as every Oxford man knows, it is rarely that a Professor has a respectable attendance at the few lectures which he gives. The system, perhaps more than the man, is to blame. On the whole, then, Burrows might well think the electors of 1862 justified. He admitted readily enough that as a historian he was not the equal of Stubbs, Freeman, or Froude. But he was a capable and popular Professor, and did a great deal for his college and for the University. Peace to his ashes!

EDWARD G. HAWKE.

M. TAINE'S CONVERSION.*

There was in M. Taine much that reminds us of a serious and even philosophical Englishman of the eighteenth century. His belief in experience, in molecular motion as the Great First Cause, and in ethical necessity, puts him into one class with Hartley or Stuart Mill. His reserve of manner was eminently Britannic, dividing him from the French of his generation who figured on the public stage. Like Théophile Gautier, he held that a writer's intimate feelings ought not to be thrown upon the screen for the world's amusement. His books had an impersonal tone; his domestic joys and sorrows he kept out of sight; and he would not have permitted any of those letters to be printed which were intended strictly for home and friends. These volumes of correspondence do not, therefore, make an autobiography. It is only in a limited sense that we can describe them as a Life. What they reveal is chiefly the development of M. Taine from something very much like an atheist into a Christian of the Liberal Protestant school, or at any rate in sympathy with that school. We might have been told more in particular how the change came about. Enough, however, is hinted, especially for those who are well read in "The Origins of Contemporary France," to justify one of the most significant conversions that the last century has had on its record.

Taine was a candid, nay an austerely beautiful spirit. His deep knowledge of English literature added strength to a disposition not by any means usual among French professors, which led him to take life earnestly. He found a gospel in Marcus Aurelius, sad even to melancholy, but far removed from the ironical disdain and accommodating ease characteristic of his friend Renan. He was very gentle, affectionate, and courteous; but early struggles and solitude seem to have taken the spring out of his year. At forty-three Taine felt himself an old man. He was never vain-glorious; he did not cultivate the expression of sentiment; and his freedom from the besetting sin of Parisian literature, curiosity about ignoble things, was remarkable. In a letter to M. Demolins (September 19, 1881), he sketches the average Frenchman; it is the precise antithesis of himself.

> "A Frenchman," he says, "dislikes prolonged attention and concentration. He likes to get an immediate insight into things, even at the risk of inexactitude. He likes to soar up in the air, even to the void. He has not sufficient power of memory and imagination to see the details, the circumstances, the tremendous complexity of living realities. He revels in words; further, he is vain, and does not care to confess to his ignorance and incompetence. . . . An Eton schoolboy, a woodcutter in Illinois, knows more about real politics than do the majority of our Deputies."

At the date of these words, Taine had published his indictment of the French Revolution, which for ever put an end among thoughtful readers to the Jacobin legend, vindicating at once Edmund Burke and Mallet Du Pan. It will be remembered that he never alludes through all those pages to Carlyle, whose judgment and principles he distrusted. All Taine's sympathies went out to the moderate Liberals or Whigs, and his admiration for Macaulay was unbounded. The most difficult of creeds across the Channel is a commonplace on our side of the blue water, "Live and let live." Taine accepted and acted upon it. Absolute power in any form was his abhorrence. Thus he came by natural degrees to perceive in the Revolution simply a change of masters, not an advance towards liberty; he shows us in Bonaparte the modern Cæsar Borgia; and he is drawn towards religion as the bulwark of civilisation. He never gave up his old psychology, but when he died it was taking on a colour well known to us in Calvin's "Institutes," and would perhaps have grown into a spiritual determinism had he lived longer. He did not expect to bring France over to his views. Some hope there was, he thought, in founding schools of economical and social studies, by which politics might one day become a science. The true "positive" method of Le Play, who studied real men in their actual relations from the Atlantic to the Siberian Ocean, met with his unqualified approval. It reversed the methods of 1789, and corrected the dangerous

* "Life and Letters of H. Taine, 1870—1892." Abridged and Translated by E. Sparvel-Baily. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

fallacies of Rousseau's "Contract." For his own country Taine had no pleasant prophesyings. He feared that it would fall below Italy, or to a level with Spain. Only those who realise what was the position of France before 1870 can measure the depth of sadness in such presentiments. But it were well if Englishmen, enthusiastic for the French alliance, would read and lay to heart the opinions of one so competent on the subject of Jacobin democracy. It is little understood in Great Britain, and our light-minded journalism blinds people to the weakness which Taine saw daily increasing around him in the Republic. "France," he told the Prince Imperial in 1877, "is suffering from a sort of spinal complaint, a matter of slow curing and of serious precautions." Thirty years' experience has not wrought a cure; and no precautions will save a country which of malice aforethought resolves to keep its population stationary or to see it decline.

In these gloomy forebodings Renan would have agreed with the historian. But while the *ci-devant* Catholic seminarist preached to young men "Amusez-vous," Taine grew more and more serious, and if not exactly devout, still he learned from the Emperor Marcus a tender Stoicism, like the shadow of unseen realities falling across his old age. Living at a distance from Paris, in picturesque Savoy, adored by his children and grandchildren, looked up to as the wisest of men by the village community, his declining years give an exquisite confirmation to Cicero's "De Senectute," as the period when life is serenely beautiful. But he had sacrificed his strength to unremitting intellectual toil, and now was to pay the price. He suffered from that disease which overtakes literary men so often—the brain struck work. His *opus magnum*, which would have given in scientific outline a true map of France as the Revolution has made it, was left a torso. Still, he did no slight service to humanity in depicting Napoleon and his institutions, the huge Imperial *caserne* where the French people obey the drill-sergeant, where initiative is palsied by the mandarins of Paris, where free association dies under the rule of prefect and police. Taine would have allowed the Jesuits to breathe French air, so long as they observed the common law; he would have let the religious Sisters dwell under their own roof; and he pleaded (of course, in vain) for such liberty within the bounds of the Third Republic as America and England grant to every man or woman who is not convicted of crime. It is so important to let these facts be known that I have not scrupled to pass by the comments on literature which are all that many readers will seek in Taine's correspondence. I do not discuss (though I fully agree with) his admirable verdict on Baudelaire, his prophecy that Bourget would become a Catholic, and his defence to the Princess Mathilde of the attitude he had taken up towards Napoleon. His devotion to Stendhal would inaugurate a profound chapter of criticism. But the lesson of his life is greater than all this. He proved that without Christianity France must perish as a leading nation, and that 1789 was a new day of doom.

WILLIAM BARRY.

IN WEST CORNWALL.*

Seldom does such a book as this appear nowadays unless it is from Mr. Hudson's pen. During the past two years he has paid many visits to West Cornwall and has walked this way and that, across and around it, in all seasons, talking to the people, watching the birds, the still land and the moving sea. His records of these visits he has here set down, arranging them hardly more elaborately than White did his letters to Pennant and Barrington. And to suggest the charm of this book to those who do not know "Hampshire Days" is impossible without a comparison with "Selborne" or "Wild Life in a Southern County." Like White's letters, Mr. Hudson's essays grow easily out of a large and ripe experience. Both have the same priceless gift of personality which gives human worth to the slightest utterances. White has more repose, and a style, within its own narrow limits, more assured. Mr. Hudson has far more variety and depth. His range is almost incomparably wide. Nothing human, nothing earthly, is alien to him, except politics. He discusses human character, religion, poetry, humour, as he discusses birds, with the same mingling of precise observation and romance. He is an artist who happens to be a scientist. In this book he gives us the special pleasure of seeing how deeply rooted and how subtly intertwined are the two interests, and one of the greatest satisfactions which it leaves us is that of realising, as we seldom can, the possibility of such a union of science and romance. In "Green Mansions" and in "The Purple Land" he is the pure romantic artist. But in this less elaborate book, which contains nothing either in form or matter that could not be used in conversation without an alteration, we can watch the two. Sometimes we meet natural history tinged more or less, or entirely suffused, with romance; sometimes we see romance basing itself securely upon natural history. Only in Ruskin, perhaps, shall we often find such artistic perception along with such curiosity as in this passage:

"The most interesting hour of the day at St. Ives was in the afternoon or evening, the time depending on the tide, when the men issued from their homes and came lurching down the little crooked stone streets and courts to the cove or harbour to get the boats out for the night's fishing. It is a very small harbour in the corner of the bay—a roughly shaped half-moon with two little stone piers for horns, with just room enough inside to accommodate the fleet of about 150 boats. The best spectacle is when they are taken out at or near sunset in fair weather, when the subdued light gives a touch of tenderness and mystery to sea and sky, and the boats, singly, in twos and threes, and in groups of half a dozen, drift out from the harbour and go away in a kind of procession over the sea. The black forms on the moving, darkening water and the shapely deep red sails glowing in the level light have then a beauty, an *expression*, which comes as a surprise to one unaccustomed to such a scene. The expression is due to association—to vague suggestions of a resemblance in this to other scenes. We may be unable to recall them; the feeling returns, but without the mental image of the scene which originally produced it. It was not until I had watched the boats going out on two or three successive evenings that an ancient memory returned to me.

"Sitting or walking by the margin of some wide lake or marsh in a distant land, I am watching a company of birds of some large majestic kind—stork, wood-ibis, or flamingo—standing at rest in the shallow water which reflects their forms. By-and-by one of the birds steps out of the crowd and moves leisurely away, then, slowly unfolding his broad wings, launches himself on the air and goes off, flying very low over the water. Another follows, then, after an interval, another, then still others, in twos and threes and half-dozens, until the last bird has opened his wings and the entire flock is seen moving away in a loose procession over the lake.

"Just in that way did the crowd of boats move by degrees from their resting-place, shake out their wing-like sails, and stream away over the sea. . . . The spectacle had, in fact, that charm which is so rare in man's work, of something wholly natural, which fits into the scene and is part and parcel with nature itself."

Mr. Hudson could have given us, had he wished, a more exquisitely wrought picture, but in such a book as this his scientific bent forbids, and it is questionable whether we are not the richer for his giving way to it and showing us so frankly the working of his mind here as in many other places. For the book, without attempting to exhaust even Bolerium, the westernmost section of Cornwall, effects a wonderfully subtle and various picture of the land itself and its waters, its men and women and children, its creatures and flowers. But it does more. It lets us see the processes by which the picture has been made. Thus it lacks the "trade finish" and is not ashamed of its structure. It reveals with the utmost fairness the character of the man,

* "The Land's End: A Naturalist's Impressions in West Cornwall." By W. H. Hudson. With 49 Illustrations by A. L. Collins. 10s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson & Co.)

prejudices and all, who is making the picture; his way of observing the facts on which his conclusions are based: yet in the end compels us to accept his picture by the force of his personality. We may differ from him, but the total effect, the characterisation of people and land, is far too bold, clear, and beautiful for us to do anything but accept it thankfully as one of the best all-round country books that we have. We should like to draw attention to many beautiful details, but there is a painful one which cannot be passed by. Mr. Hudson describes the abominable cruelty of the Cornish towards birds. In particular, he tells us how they greet the myriads forced down to this mild extremity of Britain by frost. Old and young catch them with baited fish-hooks. Those birds that die quickly are fortunate; for some escape with hooks in their gullets, and others meet a man who, when he has caught one too small for food, releases it, wrenches the mandibles apart and tosses it away. A few Cornishmen have begged Mr. Hudson "to do or say something to put a stop to these disgusting barbarities." In protesting against them it is only fair to point out that Sunday in many other parts is made a horrible innocents' day by the slow slaughter of nestlings at the hands of country children, encouraged by the known hatred of farmers for all birds, and discouraged by few of any repute.

The illustrations are quite subsidiary to the text and are particularly good when they depict small scenes, such as a group of houses, a courtyard, or a face, rather than spacious and wild landscapes.

E. T.

VICTORIAN CHANCELLORS.*

The first volume of Mr. Atlay's work on "The Victorian Chancellors" appeared two years ago, and it was reviewed in THE BOOKMAN for May 1906. There the present writer expressed his conviction that a hearty welcome would be extended to this undertaking, and gave it as his opinion that, although the author disavowed all idea of his biographical studies being regarded as a continuation of Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors," and although it differed in scale, there was no doubt that it would be so regarded. A perusal of the second volume confirms the reviewer in this favourable verdict. In Vol. I. we had the biographical and critical studies of Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham, and somewhat bald narratives of Lord Cottenham and Lord Truro—bald, because, as Mr. Atlay put it, "the material for biographies of these chancellors hardly exists at all outside the Law Reports, the pages of Hansard, and the legal periodicals." Now we have the accounts of Lords St. Leonards, Cranworth, Chelmsford, Campbell, Westbury, Cairns, Hatherley, Selborne, Halsbury, and Herschell. There have been issued biographies of Lord Campbell, Lord Westbury, and Lord Selborne, and in these instances the difficulty has not been to acquire, but to select, material; but of Lord Cairns and Lord Hatherley less is known; while little or nothing of importance has been written about the remaining lawyers, who have, to quote the publishers' announcement, "so far escaped biographical honours." Mr. Atlay has been fortunate enough, however, to have access to the unprinted correspondence of Lord St. Leonards, and to be allowed to read and make use of an unprinted autobiography of Lord Chelmsford. Only about thirty pages are given between them to Lords Halsbury and Herschell, for the very obvious reason that the time has not yet come when it is possible to pronounce a final verdict upon these illustrious lawyers and politicians.

In the days of the Terror a French nobleman, in answer to a democrat who was sneering at ancient lineage, lightly made the crushing rejoinder, "As if the genealogy of the French nobility were not the history of France!" With even more truth it may be said that the lives of the Lord Chancellors are the political and legal histories of England. It is impossible to dissociate a man from his work, and, it must be confessed, in the cases of most of the Lord Chancellors whose careers are portrayed in Mr. Atlay's book, the men are less interesting than the chancellors, with the exception of Brougham, whose personality was greater certainly than any of his successors. Yet here and there we come upon very human scenes. For instance, when Disraeli, on succeeding Lord Derby as Prime Minister, hastened to remove Lord Chelmsford from the Woolsack, and appoint Sir Hugh Cairns in his stead: according to Bishop Wilberforce, when Chelmsford surrendered the seals he held them back a minute, and said, "I have been used worse than a menial servant. I have not had even a month's warning!" The wisdom of the change was undoubted, but greater consideration might have been shown by Disraeli in the hour of his triumph to an old servant of the party, whose years numbered nearly four-score. And it was adding insult to injury to offer a retiring Lord Chancellor the Grand Cross of the Bath. "I lost no time in respectfully declining the distinction, which was entirely out of character with the services of which it was meant to testify the approval," so Lord Chelmsford wrote with dignity in his Autobiography; and his action was approved by the Bar. "He might just as well have been offered the Victoria Cross," said some one bluntly.

Lord Chelmsford's fall was through no fault of his own, but Lord Westbury brought about his political ruin not by audacious job-mongering, as it was generally said at the time, but through a certain measure of simplicity and an equal amount of carelessness. He allowed a public servant to retire on pension from certain offices while he was charged with offences of having appropriated public moneys in another department; worse still, the Chancellor appointed his son to one of the vacancies—which appointment, as a matter of fact, was not relevant to the charge, because, as Mr. Atlay points out, whether the culprit had been dismissed or was allowed to resign, the vacancy would anyhow have been created. A storm burst over the head of the astonished Lord Westbury, and allegations of corrupt practices were made in many quarters, not openly, indeed, yet not so quietly but that the echo reached the ears of the Chancellor, who at once tendered his resignation to Palmerston. The Prime Minister would not accept it, thinking he could pull his colleague through; but when the matter came before the House of Commons, while the Chancellor was exonerated from all improper motives, a vote of censure on minor grounds was carried. Westbury of course resigned, and announced the fact from the Woolsack in a touching speech, wherein he declared that while he was bound to accept the decision of the Lower House, "I may, however, express the hope that after an interval of time calmer thoughts will prevail and feelings more favourable to myself be entertained." It is enough to say his wish has been fulfilled, and that, from the hour of his speech, as Mr. Atlay says, "a revulsion of feeling in his favour has continued down to the present moment."

It would be easy to fill many columns with mention of the innumerable interesting events chronicled lucidly by Mr. Atlay, but considerations of space forbid any further reference to the contents of the work, the general scope of which the title makes clear. Mr. Atlay has provided a valuable as well as a most interesting work in "The Victorian Chancellors," and it is one which will surely find its place not only on the shelves of the historian, but also on those of the lawyer who is interested in the records of the careers of the shining lights of his profession.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

* "The Victorian Chancellors." By J. B. Atlay. Vol. II. 14s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

LOUISE DE LA VALLIÈRE.*

The simple life-story of Louise de la Vallière appeals to those who appreciate sentiment, pathos, and penitence, attributes which contrast strongly with the passion, greed, and selfishness of many of the French kings' mistresses. At first it seems as though the biography of "the modest little violet hiding humbly under the grass" would barely fill a volume, but M. Lair's exhaustive work testifies to the contrary. The affairs of Mlle. de la Vallière are intertwined with a chronicle of important events and affect a number of famous people. Her life runs like a delicate thread through the reign of Louis XIV., fine and silken in the beginning, broken and tangled in the centre, attenuated toward the end. Louise was nearly seventeen when she was appointed maid-of-honour to Madame Henriette and accompanied her to Fontainebleau, where she was much in the King's company. A secret liaison was soon established between the lovers, but three years later, in 1664, it became common knowledge. "We must confess," says the author, "that she showed no reluctance to mount that left-handed throne which, later on, she was to speak of as her 'scaffold.'" The "throne" was in reality first a garret at the Palais-Royal, later a small building one story high, seventy-two feet long and twenty-four feet wide, with the pretentious name of "Palais Brion," in which Louise lived in solitude save for a single companion and occasional visits from friends of the King who played cards with her. Never was King's mistress less self-seeking! The death of Anne of Austria in 1666 put an end to the restraint practised by Louis partly to spare his mother's feelings, but no sooner was restraint removed than the passion it had fostered evaporated also. After six short years of a connection which brought as much pain as happiness, Louise, now Duchesse de la Vallière and a mother, was subjected to intolerable humiliation at the hands of the King and her rival, Mme. de Montespan. She desired to leave the Court, she even escaped for one day to a convent, but Louis commanded her to return. She was useful as a cloak for his new intrigue, and she stayed and suffered, hoping to secure her son's future. No wonder she felt nothing but gladness when at length in 1774 the convent doors closed safely behind her. M. Lair draws a fine picture of her journey thither:

Louise de la Vallière.
From an engraving after a miniature by Petitot.
From "Louise de la Vallière," by Jules Lair.

"She was scarcely thirty, and she was looking handsomer than ever. Tears and admiration conflicted in the watching faces. It might have been a funeral—or a triumphal progress! Louise quitted the great world characteristically—with a gracious smile upon her face; and the world has never forgotten it."

For thirty-six years as Sister Louise de la Miséricorde she expiated her sin.

The sad story is agreeably told, but the author's frequent moral reflections seem out of place in an historical study, and he distributes praise and censure in an arbitrary manner. Many old friends appear in the book; Anne of Austria is described as a model mother, Marie-Thérese as a long-suffering angel. For La Grande Mademoiselle M. Lair has never a good word. He calls her "a hard, cross-grained creature," "the knowing spinster of forty," and accuses her of spying, of jealousy, of every meanness. Even Mme. de Sévigné, who is usually regarded as beyond reproach, does not escape blame.

Two striking passages are the death-bed scene of Madame, whose maxim was "When you were in a fix it was the truth alone which could get you out of it," and the celebration of the Black Mass, showing Mme. de Montespan in the hands of the sorcerers.

The translation is good and the book is provided with comprehensive notes, the result of minute research on the part of the author, whose work is as much appreciated on the other side of the Channel as on this.

* "Louise de la Vallière and the Early Life of Louis XIV." By Jules Lair. Translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

MISS MAY SINCLAIR'S NEW NOVEL.*

Miss Sinclair has written a brave and noble book. Truth and purity may command a daring from which shrouded corruption would turn aside, and there is in this fine novel no taint of the enervating self-indulgence of a hypocritical world. At the time when much current literature is more depraving, because more self-conscious, than the paganism from which it takes its colour, it is refreshing to find a writer fearless in severity as was the Master who condemned "whited sepulchres" and founded the sanctity of marriage, not on the laws and conventions of men, but on the eternal realities of the Divine nature, and, freeing passion from lust, consecrated suffering itself as a part of the joy of the highest love.

This grave opening to an article based on Miss Sinclair's novel may be condemned for a didactic insistence which she herself wholly escapes; but it is the direct outcome of a book vibrant with essential tragedy. Kitty Tailleur, the "woman who was a sinner," awakened by the deep unworldly love of a Galahad untouched by suspicion—Kitty, who sacrifices her newly opened heaven for his sake and for truth's sake—is a creation touched with genius of a very high order. But indeed, with one exception, the characterisation throughout the entire story, whether in speech, in action, or in trenchant analysis, is masculine in its swift vigour, feminine in its delicate insight and penetrating intuition. Take, for instance, such a passage as the following, which incidentally answers beforehand the supposed improbability of Lucy's attitude, and at once brings the veritable man before the reader as no mere presence, but a vivid and attractive force:

"Lucy's mind was like his body. Superficial people called it narrow, because the sheer length of it diverted their attention from its breadth. Visionary, yet eager for the sound impact of the visible, it was never more alert than when it, so to speak, sat still, absorbed in its impression. It was the sport of young and rapid impulses, which it seemed to obey sluggishly, while, all the time, it moved with immense, slow strides to incredibly far conclusions. Having reached a conclusion it was apt to stay there. The very length of its stride made turning awkward for it."

The artistic restraint and verisimilitude in the scene describing a final parting between Kitty and this man who loved her set their seal upon the author's triumph, but the highest value of the book lies in a moral catholicity which is the very heart and life of all art worthy of the name. For without condoning for a moment what is a canker in the civic community as well as in the individual life, emphasising on the contrary its ugly loathsomeness, we are yet made to feel in the guilty woman the accompanying fascination of many sweet and endearing gifts—made to realise that, amid the complexities of human personality, the sin was committed by a nature capable of the highest heroism, the most self-renouncing love, by one who recognised when too late that her most irrevocable crime had been the marring of that capacity for holy motherhood which she saw at last she had "thwarted and disowned," the mother-

* "Kitty Tailleur." By May Sinclair. 6s. (Constable.)

hood of which Browning has fitly spoken in his praise of Pompilia as

> " the trust of trusts,
> Life from the Ever-Living."

Thus it comes to pass that the memory of Kitty's self-inflicted death would scarcely be bearable without the implicit belief which is the justification and exaltation of tragic conclusions, a belief in issues wider than our poor blind human vision, and passing outside its ken.

There is just one adverse note on which we must pause. The type of clergy suggested by the history and development of their daughters in this novel is not, let us hope, really typical of the clerical life of to-day, and Miss Keating's narrow hardness makes her an almost incredible monster; but neither criticism can for a moment cancel the lofty achievement of the book as a whole.

DARTMOOR FICTION.*

To come to the point frankly and at once, " Heather," the second volume of Mr. Trevena's moorland trilogy, is something of a disappointment. Not that it is bad; on the contrary, it contains a great deal that is good. It is too much adulterated with the author's worser self. One gains the impression that he has taken a scrap of a story and has filled nearly five hundred pages with everything that came into his head in connection with that story; with his prejudices as well as his philosophy, his irritability as well as his criticism of life, his nightmares as well as his visions. Only a writer of supremely forceful or lovable individuality can afford not to select from himself, can weld his good and bad into an artistic whole. It is an ideal, that of being freely oneself and of building all that one sees, feels, and thinks into one great synthesis, but non-success carries a heavy penalty, and in " Heather," at any rate, Mr. Trevena has over-reached himself. In one typical parargaph—the third in the book—we find first a jibe at the tourists who cut their names into the House of Cosden at the top of Cawsand Beacon, then:

> " the little house insists upon prattling, not in an eloquent way by any means, being only a primitive box of Dartmoor stone; it has no learning, and is very often at a loss for a word—its tenant had nothing to give it but his bones—and sometimes it has to use quaint phrases of its own; and yet it can tell a story merely because it is a tomb and lies upon the roof; just as a little pair of boots in an almost forgotten cupboard, or a dainty garment hanging behind the door of a long unused bedroom, talk most horribly, because they are not boots or garment, but tongues crying like the tomb, 'Stay, traveller, stay!' Those little boots, that dainty garment, are shrines, fellow travellers; temples of the deity to whom we have given our whole souls. We cannot pass them by without blinded eyes and a wild heart."

The jibe and the thought too deep for tears might, of course, be associated towards a fine effect, but Mr. Trevena does not succeed in doing it. The last sentence, with its use of the word " wild," is excellent, but the beginning and end of the paragraph, instead of heightening each other's effect, kill one another. Later on in the same chapter he even puts a second jibe against rock-chippers into the mouth of Cawsand Beacon personified. He talks like a poet and an outraged local patriot rolled into one. Throughout the book we are continually met by these unresolved discords.

" Heather," the author says, " which flourishes only in pure air and sunshine, and blossoms again though it is torn by the winds, seems to represent the spirit of Endurance." Endurance accordingly is the motive of the book, though not so distinctively as was cruelty in " Furze the Cruel." " ' The wind beats the fern, the wind beats the vuzz; but it can't beat the heather, though it has tried for millions o' years. . . . Can ye tell me if the wind be sent to tear the heather, or be the heather sent to bear the wind? Du the wind hate the heather?' . . . Is the wind sent to tear us, or are we sent to bear the wind? Does the wind hate us?" The scene is laid in and about a moorland sanatorium. What story there is culminates in the union of a tuberculous patient with a consumptive artist. Debased small farming people provide the minor episodes. All the characters are strongly—very strongly—drawn, and all of any importance are unhealthy. They are diseased and they endure. Perhaps, therefore, their unhealthiness is intentional. The cruelty on the author's part, his lashing of his characters, which was noted of " Furze " in THE BOOKMAN, continues with less excuse in " Heather." Cruelty is a dangerous emotion to play with, mingled though it be, more than is commonly suspected, with other and better passions. It easily degenerates into sneers or brutality; it does so too often in this trilogy. " Heather," like " Furze," is original and frank, and powerful in detail, but it is too shapeless and mixed to be either so powerful as a whole or so bracing. Exacerbated sentiment and ragged nerves appear responsible for too much of it. Be that as it may, however, the book is well worth reading, and the above remarks are made with some freedom, not out of a desire to damn " Heather," but because there was " Furze " before it and there is " Granite " still to come.

STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

* " Heather." By John Trevena. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

The Guild of Literature and Art Admission Ticket.
From " Miscellaneous Papers of Dickens." (Chapman & Hall.)

DICKENS'S MISCELLANIES.*

To the handsome "Gadshill" edition of his works are now added the plays and poems of Dickens and his miscellaneous papers. These latter include articles and sketches that he contributed to the *Daily News*, the *Times*, the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Examiner*, *Household Words*, and elsewhere; his fine "In Memoriam" paper on Thackeray; and the prefaces and introductions he wrote for Adelaide Anne Procter's poems, Grimaldi's "Memoirs," and other books. All these waifs and strays are alive with the eager vitality, the large-hearted earnestness, and over-flowing humour that characterise everything he wrote; if there is nothing in them that can add a leaf to his laurels, there is not a little to confirm us in our admiration of his versatility, the vigour, lightness, tenderness, and varying harmonies of his style, his abounding common sense and chivalrous humanity. In such essays as "Ignorance and Crime," "Crime and Education," "Capital Punishment," "The Paradise at Tooting" and its two sequels, you find the author of "Oliver Twist" girding again at the crass blundering and insensibility of the parochial and other powers that be, championing the cause of the weak and the outcast with a burning sympathy and pity that no man could simulate; sight of the misery of children touched him always and filled him with passionate resentment for them; he was pleading for universal education long before the days of the Board Schools, and the picture he gives of the beginnings of the Field Lane Ragged School is as vividly realistic and as charged with pathos and grim humour as almost anything he has written.

The miscellanies are certainly wonderfully miscellaneous. They comprise some admirable dramatic criticisms; a satirical attack on the Pre-Raphaelite school of painting, and a suggestion for the formation of a Pre-Gower-and-Chaucer school of literature; a dissertation on the Guild of Literature and Art that he and Lytton were bent upon founding for the benefit of less fortunate authors and artists, and in whose interests an amateur dramatic company, of which Dickens was one, were acting Lytton's comedy of "Not so Bad as we Seem"; articles, essays, and essayettes on all manner of serious, lively, trivial, topical, or general subjects, many of them fully deserving to rank with those reprinted pieces that Dickens himself collected, and scarcely one that is not interesting enough, one way or another, to have been worth rescuing from oblivion.

The volumes include his half-dozen plays and score of poems, a number of excellent illustrations, and an adequate introduction by Mr. B. W. Matz, who is to be congratulated on certain successes that have attended his researches into dusty newspaper files, and on the careful fulfilment of his editorial labours.

THE GARDEN THAT I LOVE.†

"Some too partial persons have been pleased to say that not only the writing of books concerning gardens, but the growing affection for them, owes something to 'The Garden that I Love.'" Mr. Austin modestly minimises but does not entirely disclaim this pleasant compliment. Yet one cannot help mingling a little sympathy with one's admiration for the pioneer "in the field of horticultural literature." To be responsible for anything so widely, and, occasionally, so dully imitated, so easily insipid, must surely at times be something of a vexation. The charm of a garden is its privacy, its beauty and peace; its slow mysterious change, beneath the changing influences of days and seasons. It lies in what man cannot ambush with a trowel or a catalogue, nor even with a sonnet or a dainty companion. You dig, you sow, you loiter and dream amid shades and phantoms, amid swarming multitudes, in an arena of infinite and agelong strife, in a curious, pottering, human silence; and alone. You may bring every mood the heart can have into a garden. It will surrender out of its peculiar green solitude and quietness some solace, some response to all. But wealth may convert it into a vulgarism, vanity into a foolish advertisement, indiscriminate effort and labour into an artificiality. And indolence—how strange is the law of retribution!—indolence may leave it to change itself into one of the most beautiful and wonderful of the gardens in literature (and that before the vogue)—the garden of the Sluggard. But not much of any kind of fascination or mystery will survive the verbosity, tradesmanliness, and knick-knackery of the average garden book.

"The Garden that I Love" must be read for its views, occasional verse, its wit, style, fancy, and everything else a poet may please to have put into it for the delight and entertainment of his many readers. Mr. Austen discourses on literature, on literary men (and their "feminine auxiliaries"), on the superior intelligence of the countryman as opposed to the knowingness of the sooty cit, on "respectable persons," mostly of the more impeccable sex (and which is that, we wonder?), on Mozart and Byron, on "little Mary" in collusion with "lavish croppers," on modern fiction, genius, Americans, and charm.

It is a large and varied field. But only one personality is evoked—that of the author. Lamia and Veronica are not even reflections of reality: they have stepped daintily straight out of Dr. Johnson's "Rambler." Indeed we are rather of opinion that Mr. Austin's own practice tends to confirm the very questionable popular notion that poets are usually indifferent prose-writers.

SLUM HEROISM.*

If anything can justify a too painful realism, it is certainly the emotion of pity. We have seldom read a novel more unflinching in its realism than "The Thief on the Cross"; the scene in which the filthy drunken old mother strips herself is ghastly; and we have seldom, if ever, read a novel so heartrending. Had Mrs. Gorst been less frank, Ede Ridgefoote's life would assuredly have been less pitiful, and much less great. That is to say, its greatness would have been much less apparent. Except perhaps at the conclusion, where Ede dies repentant, with a vision of the Thief on the Cross before her eyes, the story is very ordinary—merely that of a slum girl who goes deviously from bad to worse—but it strikes home in every chapter. We meet Ede Ridgefoote in a broken-down old house in a slum. We leave her dead in a cellar. "'Udn't any one as was to see the beautiful expression on my pore gel's face think as 'ow she'd a-gorn straight to 'Eving?" sobbed Mrs. Ridgefoote. "They would so," agreed Mrs. M'Wray, as in politeness bound. But to herself she added: "'Tain't likely, an' 'er wot she was." Going on the streets, and going to prison for it, are not the worst evils that befall her. The death of her baby, the burial with it of the white bunny-rabbit, bought too late, is almost unbearable. This is too much, one says; and then one recollects that it is but a transcript of the too common.

So courageously does Ede struggle on, so loyally does she stand by the family that drags her down, so strong does her love of children remain under circumstances where infanticide would appear almost laudable; so little, indeed, is her soul besmirched by all she does in her wilfulness and in her necessity, that as a matter of technique, at all

* "Miscellaneous Papers." By Charles Dickens. 2 vols. 12s. (Chapman & Hall.)

† "The Garden that I Love." 2nd Series. By Alfred Austin. (Macmillan & Co.)

* "The Thief on the Cross." By Mrs. Harold Gorst. 6s. (Nash.)

events, her deathbed repentance seems unnecessary. The motto on the book—

> "The ways of men are narrow,
> But the gates of heaven are wide"—

is more abundantly proved by her life than by the manner of her death.

It is, as we have said, no extraordinary story, rare though such stories be in fiction writ to amuse. Ede Ridgefootes are common enough in slums; and it is the supreme ironic comment on our efforts at material progress that under no happier conditions, that we know, can such characters be bred. They arise from the environment they transcend. Hence it is that the novel is as inspiriting as it is painful, for if it brings out the horror of thousands of human lives, still more does it bring out the unconquerable gallantry of human nature under any conditions whatsoever, except complete comfort. In making us realise the commonplace afresh, Mrs. Gorst has invested her work with something of the grandeur of the commonplace. There is humour also, very grim humour, in "The Thief on the Cross," and each of the many characters is fully created, in detail or in outline.

ISLANDS OF THE VALE.*

Miss Hayden is one of the few writers of the day who make satisfying books out of rambling records of all kinds of rural things seen, heard of, and read of. She has the very great advantage of being obviously one who delights to walk slowly abroad in the fields, turning often through the doors of cottage and church. She would do this, we suspect, whether people praised her books or not. And so, having a modest but sufficient gift of words, she is bound to find her public at last. In her three or four books of this kind, "Travels Round a Village," "Turnpike Travellers," and "From a Thatched Cottage," she has begun to make a fine piece of country her own in a gossiping and even an intimate way. She is rather fantastically reticent about what this country is. Sometimes she gives the places described no name at all, and in one case talks of an ancient camp for three or four pages, discussing its name and the conjectures about it, but never reveals the name at all—it is in fact Cherbury Camp, between Charney Bassett and Pusey, in Berkshire. In other cases she gives them names embodying their meaning, real or supposed: thus Hanney is "Hean's Island," Hatford is "The Ford by the Heath," Charney is "Cerdic's Island," Pusey is "The Green Island," Goosey is "Goose Island." Her country is, in fact, the Vale of White Horse, and these "islands," once possibly real islands rising out of the swamps of the Ock and its tributaries, give their name to the book and to several of the chapters. It is her best book. Miss Hayden is fast getting to know her own powers and to obtain mastery over them. There is no particular felicity in her expression, but it is never extravagant, seldom loose, and nearly always reflects the quiet of the ancient unspoiled country which she describes. Her reflections are seldom interesting, being kindly but commonplace. It is for her observation, and the unconscious mosaic of beautiful rusticity, of human comedy and pathos, and of history and legend, that she is to be praised and sought after. Perhaps the tales, and fragments of tales, about living men and women of the labouring class are her best work: the dialect being good and the effects unstrained and true to life, though in the main "the side that" in her opinion "is best worth showing" is given without its contrast. But her natural touches are very good, too, though they fail to produce any large effect or definite impression of the whole land. But here are the trees, the flowers, the crops, the soil, the waters and weather sweeping over them. Her mingling of history and legend is better than such work usually is. She has collected some legend herself. She has read her history for herself. She has visited the churches for herself—in one case having a tomb opened to look for some support of the legend that it was Chaucer's. Quite possibly it is, and quite certainly he could not have lain more easily than there in that chancel of the now deserted church at "The Ford of the Heath." Hatford was, by the way, the village of Stephen Duck, thresher, poet, and pensioner of Queen Caroline, consort of George II.

* "Islands of the Vale." By Eleanor G. Hayden. With illustrations by J. M. Macintosh, R.B.A. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

Novel Notes.

THE FUTURE MRS. DERING. By Thomas Cobb. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

Publishers' notes about the books that they issue are commonly to be taken with a grain of salt, but Mr. Laurie's commendation of "The Future Mrs. Dering" needs no such qualifying. "It is just the book for a holiday," he says, "light, clever, and amiably humorous, with a plot that keeps the reader's attention continuously alive and alert." Those words are entirely just. Martin Dering, with his "dear absurdities and splendid possibilities" is a character upon whom his creator is to be congratulated, and the events preceding his marriage to one of two charming women—to which one, we are far too sportsmanlike to say—constitute a comedy that, staged, might amuse the town for a long time. The story is of the slightest. At twenty-seven years of age, Martin Dering has a dawning perception of the duty owed to society by a man with ten thousand a year, and he proposes to Hilma Crowdy, a young lady of indisputable attractiveness with whom he has every reason to suppose he can be completely happy. Then, temporarily delayed at a remote village, he meets Phillipa Garrod—though not under that name—and with her, too, he feels he could be completely happy, were

Photo by C. T. Jones, Kingston-on-Thames. **Mr. Percy White.**

t'other dear charmer away. The situation is not unique, but it always has its embarrassments. Martin Dering never permits himself to be bustled, not even by the formidable Mrs. Crowdy; calm frankness, and, not infrequently, shameless bribery serve him admirably. So does his faithful friend, David Inderwick, and the curtain rings down upon four happy people.

LOVE AND THE POOR SUITOR. By Percy White. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Percy White's latest comedy is so light that it is not until after one has reached the end of it that one fully appreciates its craftsmanship; the structure, which at a first glance seemed feeble, is then found to be strong albeit delicate in treatment, and the emotions with which it is concerned are primitive, albeit controlled with the restraint that characterises the best human products of modern civilisation. The story is the story of Maurice and Sonia Norman's happy married life, begun with clouds of anxiety gathering on the horizon, and threatened at one point with a sharp storm of conflicting passion, but carried to a condition of serene security. But it is Lionel Musgrave who provides the best proof of Mr. Percy White's trained skill; he is a clever, imaginative, rather uncommon bundle of emotions, a man who is always "trying to climb into the tragic places, and strike picturesque attitudes," a hobby which he describes as being an artist in life. In less capable hands his story would probably end in some rather sordid and unsavoury exposure of his essential weakness; Mr. White's instinct is never betrayed by failure in technique. He brings the situation to a dramatic point and then saves it without the least suggestion of anti-climax.

DRUSILLA'S POINT OF VIEW. By Madame Albanesi. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

This is an able and sympathetic study of the two girls, Drusilla and Bertha Heronworth, and a very charming love story, of which Drusilla is the heroine. Bertha is wealthy, but deformed and something of an invalid, and already, though she is still under thirty, she is staid and matronly, is gentle and lovable, and loved very much as kindly old ladies are. She mothers Drusilla, who is supposed by all but herself and one other to be her sister, and the one great sorrow of her life comes when the only woman who could profit by the knowledge chances to find out that no relationship exists between them, and then, lying mute and stricken on her death-bed, Bertha is powerless to ask any one to help her to make a will that shall save Drusilla from losing her inheritance as well as her name. Drusilla herself is a baffling, subtly feminine, wholly winning personality. "I really hate suffering," she says on an occasion when she forces herself to go to the hospital to see a little lad who has been terribly injured in an accident, "I am afraid I hate sorrow. I could not live in shadow; but I have a curious sense of duty. I feel I must do certain things just because I hate doing them." She is, as she confesses, "full of magnificent impulses and noble sentiments, but the impulse dies once it is cold, and the noble sentiments end in one long wail for happiness—happiness—happiness at any price. The simple truth is, I must live in the sunshine and I must be loved." There come days when she has to live in the shadow, and when her curiously exaggerated sense of duty nearly impels her to a course that would have wrecked her own happiness and that of the man she loved, and the happy end she arrives at, at last, is reached in spite of herself.

ASHES: A Sardinian Story. By Grazia Deledda. Translated from the Italian by Helen Hester Colvill. 6s. (John Lane.)

This is a study of the ferment in a Sardinian lad's life. He is deserted by his mother and brought up in ignorance of her shameful condition. But on going to study law at Rome, he endeavours to find her out, and succeeds eventually. Feeling it his duty to own and support her, he quixotically insists upon her accepting his orders. She commits suicide, from a desire to leave him unembarrassed in his career, but not before he has been thrown over by a pretty, heartless girl to whom he had been engaged. Anania now realises the emptiness and ashes of human existence with all a young man's ready pessimism. Yet his mother's self-sacrifice, in spite of its sordid circumstances, reveals a spark among the ashes. "Hope returned to him, and he felt that he loved life still." The sultry passion of the South broods over the pages of the book. Its descriptions of peasant life in Sardinia are both vivid and detailed. But the psychological interest lies in the growth of Anania's soul. He is a fantastic, melancholy child, "with sick blood in his veins," and also, on another side of his being, a quick-witted lad who saw through, though he could never overcome, the morbid phantoms which obsessed him. The contrary tendencies of his nature are traced with considerable analytic power. The forlorn child, thrown among strangers; the youth, awakening to the magic of love; and the student at Rome, disturbed by deeper thoughts about the mystery of his own birth and the responsibilities of life—these form the phases of this remarkable novel. The theme is old. But the local colour and the admirable variety of the story lend it a freshness all its own. The translation reads smoothly, and the book is got up most artistically.

THE PEDESTAL: or, Son and Mother. By Desmond Coke. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Coke has written a story which, in spite of its subtitle, will appeal more to mothers than to sons. At least it ought to appeal in such quarters. There must be many mothers to whom a copy of this book could be sent, in the hope that they would be cured of injudicious habits in the training of their boys. They might take a pill in the shape of a novel, though, like Lady Fothergill in this story, it is possible that they might regard it as an insult to their superior maternal wisdom. This does not mean that Mr. Coke has written a story round a theory. Far from that. It is a genuine story, with a lot of penetration and vigour, which is too sincere to be satirical. Bernard Fothergill is the only child of his parents. His mother, a fashionable county lady, first neglects and then, after her husband's death, idolises the lad. He goes to school eventually, only to become the accomplice or dupe of a sneak in the shape of a cousin, and he is expelled for filching money out of his school-master's pockets. His outraged mother is wounded in her pride, and almost sends him out of the country. The author of "The Bending of a Twig" should not require any hints about public-school life, and it is only with hesitation that one ventures to criticise his representation of school ethics. But for the purposes of his tale he has coloured the cousin too darkly. Most boys, if they read the book, will feel that. Where the story tells, and tells in every paragraph, is in the capital description of Lady Fothergill's relation to her sister-in-law, her male friend Dick, and her mishandled son. The central idea of the tale is not only true to life, but skilfully wrought out.

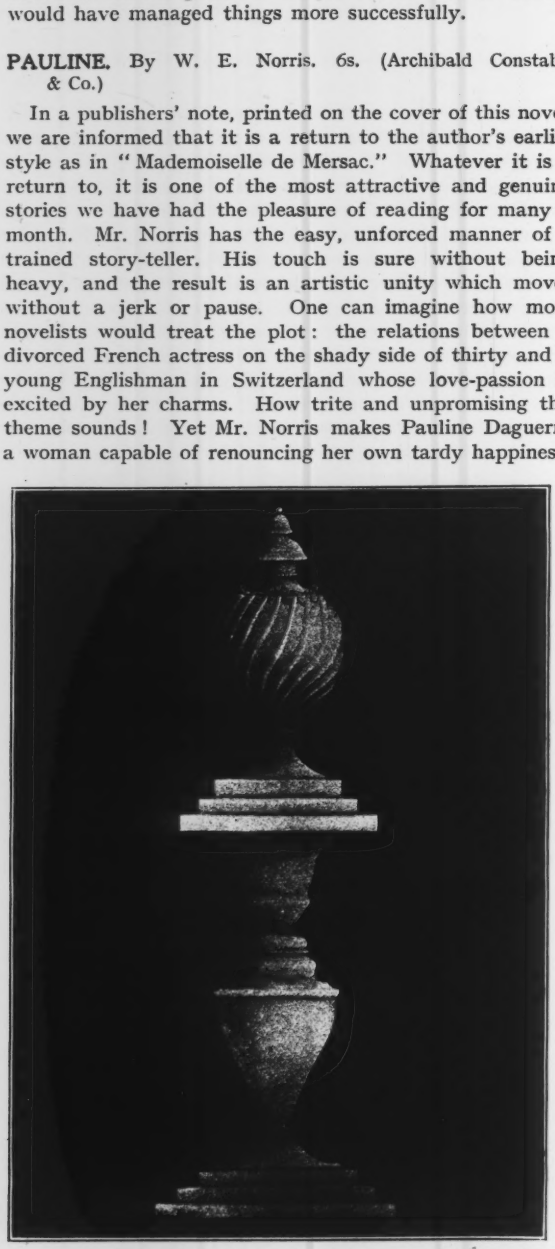
THE LITTLE GOD'S DRUM. By Ralph Straus. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

Most of the characters in this "multiple love-story," as the publishers kindly label it, have an exasperating way of getting engaged to the wrong person and backing out at the last moment, with dolorous results to their friends. Tony, Lord Wrynge, is the chief sufferer. This eccentric, good-natured nobleman is thrice jilted, twice by the same woman, and we are not surprised to find him starting, when the novel closes, on a perpetual motor-ride. This

diversion has supplanted bear-hunting in America or lion-hunting in Africa, which used to be the novelist's standard recipes for a broken modern heart. Petrol is more easily secured than human love in London. The various women of the tale are much more convincing than the men. Joan Heathcote, a beautiful girl from the East End, attains her bliss after some genuine suffering. Mrs. Vanderest, an American widow, loses her mate, just after wooing him delicately and holding him for a few days. Grace Mannering, indeed, behaves with a callous self-indulgence which repels the reader's sympathy, but Mrs. Jenningham more than makes up for this by her unrequited, pathetic devotion to a man who never dreams that she has more than friendship for him. The East-End scenes are a happy relief to the West-End atmosphere of literature and philandering. Mr. Straus is clever in depicting the elusive, unsatisfactory life of those who play with passion, and the mixture of fantasy and tragedy lends piquancy to a novel of undoubted charm. Mr. Pye is not big enough, however, for his position. Major Pendennis, his model, would have managed things more successfully.

PAULINE. By W. E. Norris. 6s. (Archibald Constable & Co.)

In a publishers' note, printed on the cover of this novel, we are informed that it is a return to the author's earlier style as in "Mademoiselle de Mersac." Whatever it is a return to, it is one of the most attractive and genuine stories we have had the pleasure of reading for many a month. Mr. Norris has the easy, unforced manner of a trained story-teller. His touch is sure without being heavy, and the result is an artistic unity which moves without a jerk or pause. One can imagine how most novelists would treat the plot: the relations between a divorced French actress on the shady side of thirty and a young Englishman in Switzerland whose love-passion is excited by her charms. How trite and unpromising the theme sounds! Yet Mr. Norris makes Pauline Daguerre a woman capable of renouncing her own tardy happiness, lest she should spoil Neville Arnott's career. She hurts herself rather than her lover. Eventually, she gets a brief reward for her self-sacrifice, and the description of the good time she and Arnott had at Davos rounds off the story with a phase of delicate, sincere pathos. Arnott's behaviour to his English fiancée is certainly uninspiriting. He comes badly out of that ill-advised relationship. But Miss Drake has another and a truer lover in an army captain, so that no tears need be wasted on her. There are some well-drawn minor characters to fill up the scenes and lend variety to the plot, but the centre of the book lies in the affinity of the two main characters, and Mr. Norris has wisely refused to crowd his pages with incidents which might unduly divert the reader's attention. It is a novel over which one lingers in order not to miss any of the fine things which the author has put into it.



Design for Urn by Thomas Pole, M.D.
The graceful curves on either side of the pedestal will be seen to form an excellent portrait of Dr. Pole. (From "Thomas Pole, M.D.")

Thomas Pole, M.D.
From "Thomas Pole, M.D."

The Bookman's Table.

THOMAS POLE, M.D. By Edward Tolson Wedmore. 4s. 6d. (Headley Bros.)

It is easy to make an interesting story out of the life of a man who has spent his days in doing stirring and picturesque things, but to do as much for the life of a man who has been contented to move through quiet byways, and to devote great gifts to the discharge of everyday, unsensational duties, a biographer must needs bring something more than ordinary ability to his task. Thomas Pole was born in America, his father being an English emigrant; he came to England when he was a little over twenty, and was presently practising as a doctor of medicine in London, and serving as a minister in the Society of Friends. He travelled a good deal in his time, and got through an immense amount of correspondence (by the way, he numbered Bernard Barton and James Montgomery amongst his correspondents), without neglecting either his ministry or his professional work. Mr. Wedmore, who is Dr. Pole's great-grandson, writes sympathetically and has an attractive narrative style; he has compiled his memoir largely from the diaries and letters of Dr. Pole, and from personal recollections of people who knew and worked with him. It is a masterly little study of a strenuous and useful career. At the end of the book is a selection of Dr. Pole's quaint and clever sketches and silhouettes.

THE ART OF SINGING. By Sir Charles Santley. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan & Co.)

This is a good book in all senses of the word. It is useful, it is interesting, it is suggestive, as many books are; but it is good, too, as many books are not: for it is sincere without being priggish, and earnest without being preachy. Santley (he is distinguished enough to dispense with prefixes) is a type of the honest artist, like Stradivari in George Eliot's poem. He has regarded his talent not as a thing to be bought and sold, not as a fairly easy means of earning a living, but as a talent in the Scriptural sense, of which an account must be rendered. This peculiar sincerity of

purpose has reacted on his art, and has helped to make him the wonderful singer that he is. We find the same sincerity in this little volume. He writes with the modest simplicity of a great man. He does not pose or dictate, but out of the fulness of study and experience brings invaluable advice and suggestion. He goes in spirit with the student on his pilgrimage from the earliest exercise to the public performance, and speaks words of wisdom all the way. He insists, most properly, on thorough training and study, and shows the ill effects of forcing an immature voice. How many Wagnerian tenors have we seen come and go!—bellow quite effectively for a season, and then subside into toneless shouters. People used to say that Wagner ruined the voice. What they should have said was that Wagner ruined the unprepared voice, and laid low the sham singer. Of course neither Wagner's nor other people's music has ever ruined the soundly practised voice. The peculiarity of the case is that mere lung power can make some sort of effect in modern dramatic music, when it cannot even make a beginning in the songs of the older composers. Do you think you are a tenor because you can scream "Vesti la giubba" with harrowing intensity? Take down "Don Giovanni" and try "Il mio tesoro," with the sustained F as Mozart wrote it. Do you think you are a soprano because you can hurl your way through some pages of Brynhilda's music? Go to Mozart, and try "Non mi dir." On this, as on all vocal matters, Santley writes the soundest of good sense. No one in opera-houses, concert-rooms, choirs, back-parlours, and other places where they sing should overlook this valuable little book—not the least merit of which is its conciseness.

Jordans Meeting-House,
In whose graveyard William Penn, Thomas Ellwood, Isaac Pennington, Penn's two wives and several of his children lie buried. From "American Shrines in England." (Methuen.)

AMERICAN SHRINES IN ENGLAND. By Alfred T. Story. 6s. (Methuen.)

Every American who is not in too much of a hurry to give a little leisure to dreaming should get this book of Mr. Story's and go a pilgrimage with him into the past and to the places of the past that are haunted with memories of great men who are famous in the annals of his country. Most of the great men of America's early years either came from England or were connected with it by ties of kindred; it is curious, as Mr. Story points out, how many of them or their forebears "came from Mid-England, from the shires that pack the inland area from Bucks to York"; Washington and Franklin coming from the midmost county of them all. The first half dozen chapters are devoted to Washington's ancestry; the seventh takes us to the home of the Franklins; thereafter we pass to Scrooby and its associations with the Pilgrim Fathers; to the homes and burial place of William Penn; to the birthplace of Elihu Yale, the founder of Yale College, and so to towns and villages that have sent out many other good Englishmen who have become notable Americans. It is a gossipy, pleasant, uncommonly interesting record, and is fully and admirably illustrated.

HILDRIS THE QUEEN. By Lady Margaret Sackville. 3s. 6d. (Sherratt & Hughes.)

More than three and a half centuries ago, Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, poet, and patron of poets, wrote his famous song "To all ye ladies now on land"; and Lady Margaret Sackville worthily maintains the literary traditions of her name. The two volumes of poems Lady Margaret published some years ago amply proved her poetic talent, and now this play, "Hildris the Queen," will confirm and increase her literary reputation. In many of her earlier poems there was a distinct dramatic note, and in this play that note is fully sounded and well-sustained. The situations are strong, the conflict of character vivid, and the main *motif* adequate and well worked out. Indeed, to one acquainted with the rather misty and dreamy atmosphere of most of Lady Margaret's previous work, the clean-cut characters and bold situations come as a surprise, and suggest both versatility and a steady development of talent.

Not only does the play succeed as drama, it also contains some fine poetry and some powerful metaphors. For instance:

> "Osgood loves you.
> There, let the words hiss out like water splashed
> On white-hot iron."

> "And life and death were in his voice: my soul
> Was tangled in the web and woof of it.
> Now it hangs swinging as a dead fly swings
> From a spider's web."

Lady Margaret's chief failing seems to be a love of the weird and eerie both in emotion and situation; and her work will be more effective if she will shake off the glamour of the Irish school of poetry and walk more steadily on the levels of everyday life.

With genuine poetic temperament and a rich poetic imagination, Lady Margaret ought to achieve even finer work than she has hitherto accomplished.

CARDINAL NEWMAN. By Charles Sarolea, D.Ph., D.Litt. 3s. (T. & T. Clark.)

This serious volume deals with Newman as one of the "World's Epoch-makers," and discusses his influence on religious life and thought. The great Cardinal's name, spoken or unspoken, has been bandied about a great deal of late in connection with what is called "Modernism" in the Catholic Church. It is asserted that while the Encyclical *Pascendi* and the Decree *Lamentabili* seem to be directed against the teaching of men like Loisy and Tyrrell, they are really directed against the books of the dead man who did more than any other in our time to make Englishmen look with favour on Rome. The Modernists, officially banned, and, in some cases, formally excommunicated, have appealed to Newman in their defence, and claimed

him as the inspirer of their movement. The situation is not without its humour. It would seem that Newman, who staggered the Church of England by leaving it, has staggered the Church of Rome by joining it. But we do not think that many English people will worry about the matter. The greater number of Newman's readers do not take down his volumes for the purpose of studying the tendencies of his religious thought. Those who do will find Dr. Sarolea's book very helpful. It is not unlike Dr. Barry's volume in the "Literary Lives" series—rather more particular in treatment, and without the series of portraits that made the earlier book so attractive. Dr. Sarolea writes quite good and vigorous English, but we do not care for the rather sensational use he makes of italics: readers generally prefer to do their own under-lining. His specific examination of Newman is very acute and eminently fair, and, generally, the whole volume is a first-rate example of sane theological criticism. Newman's theology, however, as we have already hinted, does not constitute his chief claim on his readers. He is one of the glories of English prose—the writer who got more out of his medium than any prose-maker of the last hundred years. That is the Newman whom most of us love. The Modernists may conspire and the Vatican may thunder. We have taken down one of a long row of severe-looking volumes, and cannot be disturbed by trifles.

NATURE RAMBLES IN LONDON. By K. M. Hall. With a short Introduction by Beatrice Harraden. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Apart from the cheering revelations which this book contains, revelations of beautiful country in London for Londoners, it contains at least one thing which makes us wish that it could be in the hands of every ignorant gardener and owner of a garden, especially in the suburbs of London, for it has some straight, true words on the subject of tree-cutting. Any one who cares for trees and sees the cruelty and mutilation which trees undergo at the hands of the untaught man inspired by a saw and a ladder, will admit that the ignorant lopping and the thoughtless torturing and beheading of trees in London is enough to fill a forester with an eternal depression and revolt. Miss Hall's book is replete with first-hand practical knowledge and sympathy for Nature; and her bright, easy style of writing is calculated first to create a love for trees and flowers, and then teach the ways to cultivate and care for them. From early spring to late winter the author shows us Nature in London; and whether it is in Epping or Battersea, in Hyde Park or Streatham Common, or round about the beehive in the Stepney garden, she proves to us that the old tales of "Not a blade of grass to be seen in London by the little London child" are known to be mere fictions at last. Miss Hall here gives us the inspiration for many a ramble and voyage of discovery; and in future when we read "Nature-books" and think of Devon and Somerset, Sussex and Surrey, Kent and Hertfordshire, and leafy Warwick, we must not forget the country in and about London and the beauties which are within the reach of all who live therein.

Rooks' Nests in the Elms, Streatham Common.
From "Nature Rambles in London."

Sheep-Shearing in Hyde Park.
From "Nature Rambles in London."

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. GREENING & CO.

Mr. Folliott-Stokes brings a real enthusiasm to his subject when he writes of Cornwall, **From St. Ives to Land's End** (1s. net). We remember the genuine affection which lay in the descriptive pages of a former book, a novel which he wrote a few years ago; and that affection has certainly not lessened with the passing of the months. The author now has gone away from the better known paths of Cornwall, and tells to sympathetic readers and wanderers, of beauties to be found in the wide stretches of moorland, the solitary cliff-walks, the remote villages and tors, which are still almost unknown. Speaking of Cornwall, he says: "To this day England may be said to terminate on the shores of the Tamar. Beyond this river is a land of legend and mystery, of eloquent silences and Homeric storms, inhabited by a race as distinct from the English as the Bretons are from the French." And to this land he gives some inspiring directions. The little book contains some unhackneyed illustrations and a map.

MR. JOHN OUSELEY.

One of the most uncommon and at the same time amusing books, in one sense of the word, which has reached us lately is **Shavings from a Shipyard,** by Herbert J. Ashcroft (3s. 6d). There is a peculiar charm in it; there is, if we may so express it, a ship sailing through it. The author, the builder of the ship, works away with head and hands, and while his fingers fashion the timbers into shape, his brain goes working all the time, sometimes on the subject of the ship, sometimes on the subject of his friends, his surroundings, his books, life as he meets it, and so forth. Every here and there we hear the hammer at the ship's sides, and we see her growing in size and comeliness, and in the last chapter we see her off to the water and the shipyard is left empty. We shall keep the book on the shelf near us, and dip into it very often; it is engrossing to be in at the building of a ship, and listen to the gossip between-whiles.

THE SAMURAI PRESS.

It is always interesting to read a poet's blending of the ideal and the human love in a young man's heart; and this is what Mr. Nevill Eliot has given us in **Ideals and First Love** (2s. 6d. net). He shows us first a poetic youth steeped in beautiful imaginings and ideals, till gradually his heart turns to the real, beautiful, and good woman, and he learns the lesson not only of love, but of trust and humility. The author, in spite of some roughness and a few crudities, is admirably sincere, and his interpolated songs are full of melody. More than one of these we should like to see set to music. The little volume contains some other, shorter poems, also, and very charming is his "Spring Song" with its simile of the early cool primrose and the later ruby rose, for the heart of his child-love whose innocence he wishes to transform —but slowly—to the warmth of a blissful woman. The lilt of "At Favorie," too, is most haunting, musical and effective, and the volume is one of pleasure as well as of promise.

MESSRS. G. BELL & SONS.

In **Thysia,** an Elegy (1s. net), we have a noticeable little volume of sonnets, a volume which is poignant, and almost startling in its genuine, naked sorrow. The sonnets are the utterances of a passionately devoted husband mourning his dead wife, and hints of the pathetic story are given throughout. The volume is not morbid, in the end, indeed, it is finely courageous. The anonymous poet has admirably conveyed the impression that the sonnet-form need not fetter spontaneous words from the heart.

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH & CO.

The two ladies who have collaborated in the writing of **The Workers' Handbook** (3s. 6d. net), Miss Gertrude M. Tuckwell and Miss Constance Smith, are to be congratulated upon their well-planned, practical, and, as far as we can judge, accurate piece of work. It deals with the Acts and laws, the societies and guilds, which help and affect the wage-earners from childhood to old age. Crêches, schools, registration, notification; the education and training of van-dweiling, canal-boat dwelling, wage-earning, refractory and defective children; laws concerning landlord and tenant, infectious diseases and accidents, factories, sanitation, dangerous trades, and a host of other points, are consisely written of and explained. The book is sensible and lucid and a mine of information.

MR. JOHN LONG.

Incompatibility of nature, rather than of temper, was the cause of the melancholy state of affairs in the novel which the Hon. Mrs. Walter R. D. Forbes has written. It is called **Vane Royal** (6s.), which is the name of the ancestral home of the secondary hero of the story, the man who married the heroine. This Sir Francis Vane was commonplace and unsympathetic; Colonel Derwent was not, and Estelle Vane, the heroine, was a good, beautiful woman who needed sympathy. "Vane Royal" is the kind of novel for which there will probably always be a public—a young, fresh public, with not too many sorrows of its own.

MR. A. C. FIFIELD.

There is always the comfortable knowledge in one's mind as one opens a book by E. Nesbit that "she can write," and we know what those three bald little words mean. Now she has given us a little booklet of **Ballads and Lyrics of Socialism** (6d. net and 1s. net), and her words are vigorous, sympathetic, beautiful, and at times fiery, as we should expect. There are some of us, perhaps, who feel a little sorry for those poor rich people who are not allowed by the Fabian Society to have even Christ to help them in their ignored but not infrequent and very real troubles.

> "If Christ should come to London,
> Come to London to-day,
> He would not go to the West End,
> He would come down our way,"

but we know that it is good for wrongs to be aired as well as rights, and E. Nesbit does it with sincerity and poetical skill and feeling.

THE NEW AGE PRESS.

The volume of sketches in words which Mr. W. R. Titterton has named **Studies in Solitary Life** (2s. 6d. net) is marked by breadth of view, a touch of cynicism, and a decided distinction of style. There is in his writing a restraint in workmanship with an effect of freedom of thought. With quick imagination and movement or meditation and contemplation, hot words and adventure or subtle phrases and description, the book is striking in its contrasts, charming with its poetical imagery. Mr. Titterton's hand at times hold a fine whip, at times soothes with a gentle stroke, but it is always strong, and his outlook is always worth consideration.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Everything musical but actual sound seems to be gathered together in **Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians** (21s. net), which Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland is editing. The fourth volume which has lately reached us is a particularly engrossing one, for it ranges from "Q" to "S" inclusive, and of course contains the stories of Schubert, Schumann, the Sonata, the Symphony, the very story of Song itself. Musicians, men, women and children, musical instruments and compositions, ancient music references and modern developments, are all noted in these pages, and generously noted too; and every lover of music will be wise if he sacrifices a concert-ticket now and again to possess himself of this enduring pleasure. The next volume will, we believe, complete the set.

Two particularly attractive volumes come to us from Messrs. Chatto & Windus. These are two further issues in their St. Martin's Library—W. H. Mallock's **New Republic,** and R. L. Stevenson's **Prince Otto** (2s. net, 3s. net each). Most of us are familiar with these admirable large-type reprints; they are well selected, well-produced, and in themselves an encouragement to wider knowledge of literature.

A generally-forgotten treasure is brought to light again by Messrs. George Routledge & Sons in their new edition of Charles Knight's **Shadows of the Old Booksellers** (1s. net). It holds gossip and facts about the men who made bargains in books, who helped and hindered authors, and who shaped to some extent the course of literature in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The trustworthy "Universal Library" issues it in its series.

The popular edition of **Erewhon Revisited** (2s. 6d. net) and the very evident steady demand for it, proves that the right kind of public is arising to recognise the fascinating, brave, and original mind of Samuel Butler. Mr. A. C. Fifield deserves thanks for his foresight and trust in publishing this unique reissue.

New Books of the Month.

FROM JUNE 10 TO JULY 10.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BLACKBURNE, G. M. IRELAND.—First Studies in St. Mark. The English Churchman's Library. 1s. net (Mowbray)
BOOLE, MARY EVEREST.—Mistletoe and Olive. 1s. 6d. net (C. W. Daniel)
BOWNE, BORDEN PARKER.—Personalism. 6s. net (Constable)
DAVIDS, T. W. RHYS, LL.D., PH.D.—Early Buddhism. Religions Ancient and Modern Series. 1s. net (Constable)
E. M. R. V.—A New Book of Old Prayers. 1s. net ..(Mowbray)
INGRAM, THE RIGHT REV. A. F. WINNINGTON.—The Love of the Trinity. 1s., 2s. 6d. .....(Wells, Gardner)
LACEY, T. A.—Mysteries of Grace. The English Churchman's Library. 1s. net .....(Mowbray)
LLOYD, REV. A., M.A.—The Wheat among the Tares. Studies of Buddhism in Japan. 3s. 6d. net .....(Macmillan)

St. Paul's Epistles to the Thessalonians and to the Corinthians. New Translation by W. G. Rutherford. Prefatory Note by Spenser Wilkinson. 3s. 6d. net .....(Macmillan)
TRENCH, G. H.—The Crucifixion and Resurrection of Christ. 3s. 6d. net..... (John Murray)
WILKINSON, GEORGE HOWARD, D.D.—Spiritual Counsels to District Visitors and Others. The English Churchman's Library. 1s. net ....(Mowbray)

NEW EDITIONS.

BICKERSTETH, M. CYRIL, M.A.—Letters to a Godson. The English Churchman's Library. 1s. net ....(Mowbray)
BURNET, JOHN, M.A., LL.D.—Early Greek Philosophy. New ed., entirely re-written. 12s. 6d. net (A. & C. Black)

FICTION.

ABRAHAM-JEWELL, M. H.—Glenith, A Romance of Chivalry. 3s. 6d. .....(John Ouseley)
ALDINGTON, MAY.—God's Toys. 6s. .....(Collier & Co.)
ARNOLD, MAUD.—Blood Royal. 6s. ..... Greening)
ASKEW, ALICE and CLAUDE.—Not Proven. Illustrated. 6s. .....(Ward, Lock)
ATBUSH, PEREGRINE.—King Edward's Ring. 1s. (East Anglian Daily Times)
BELL, R. S. WARREN.—Green at Greyhouse. Illustrated. 6s. .....(Chapman & Hall)
BINDLOSS, HAROLD.—The Liberationist. 6s. ..(Ward, Lock)
BLACK, E.—Brendavale. 6s. .....(Greening)
BROWN, VINCENT.—The Last Shore. 6s. (Chapman & Hall)
BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS, The Duchess of.—Penvala of the Black Watch. 3s. 6d. net .....(Foulis)
BURGESS, GELETT.—The Heart Line. 6s...(Grant Richards)
BURGIN, G. B.—A Woman's Way. 6s. .....(Hutchinson)
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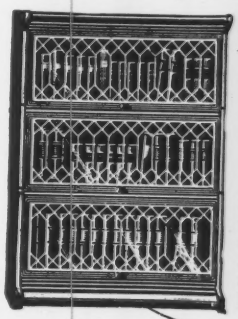

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